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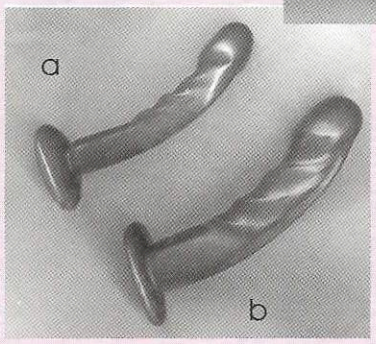

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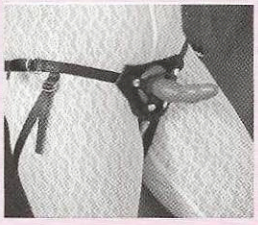

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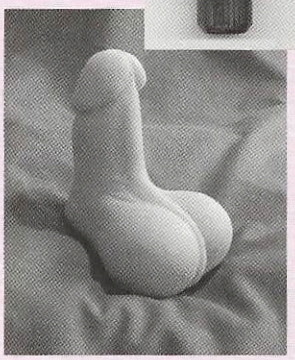

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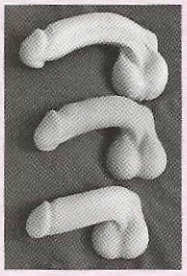

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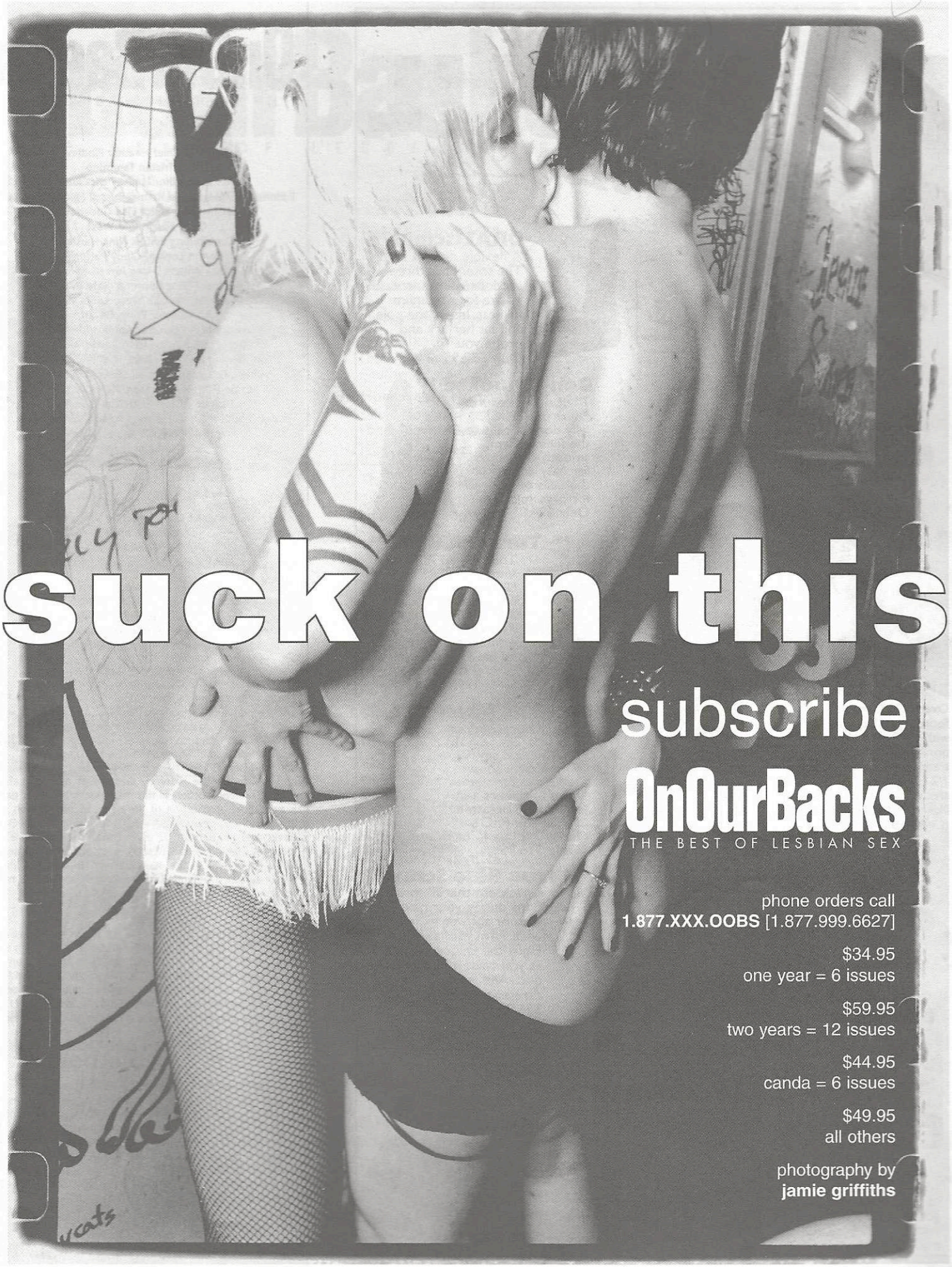
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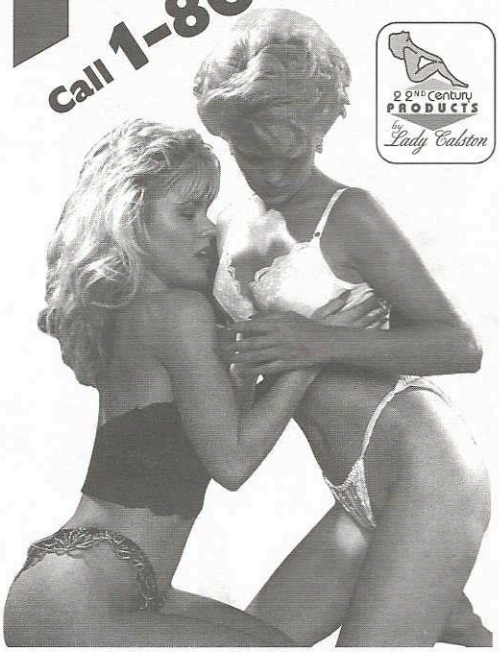

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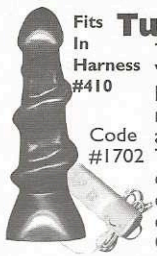

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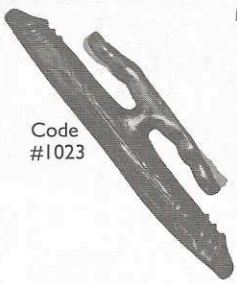

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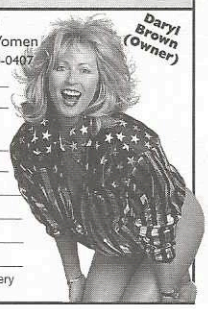

Daryl Brown (Owner)

OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

Volume 14, Issue 5

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OnOurBacks
THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

February/March 2000
Volume 14, Issue 5

On the cover: Carol Queen adored
By Phyllis Christopher

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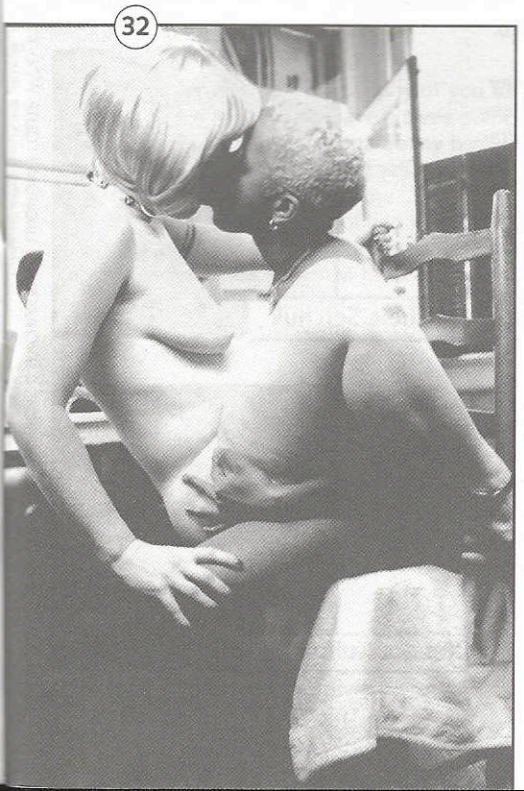
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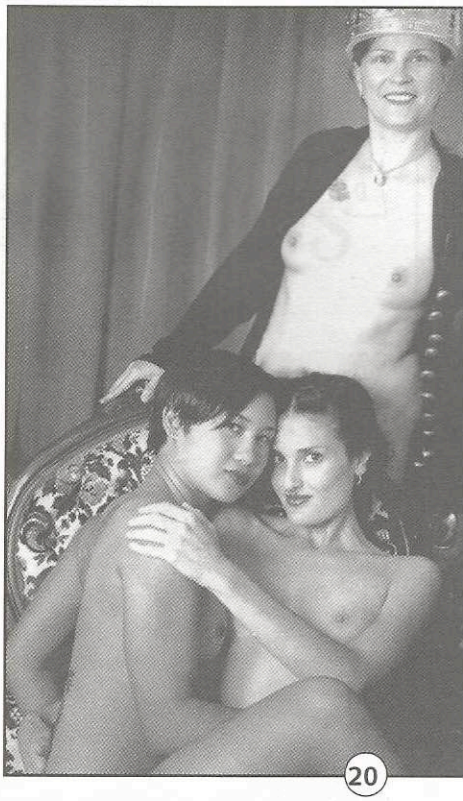
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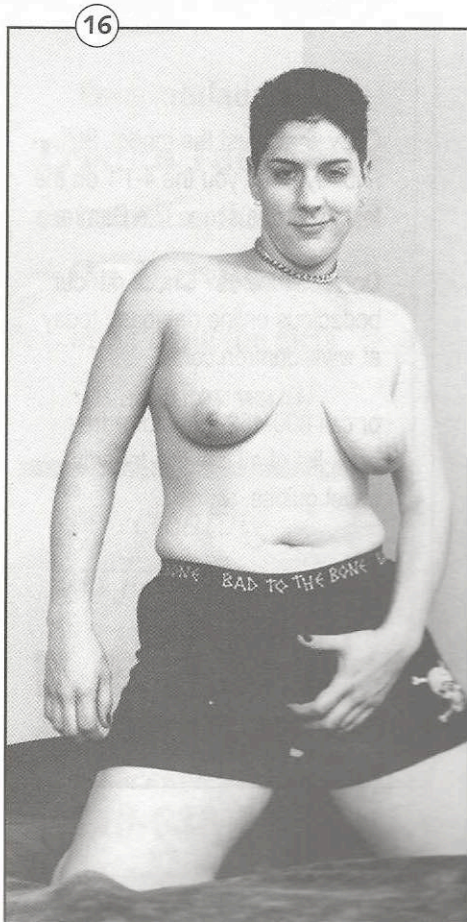

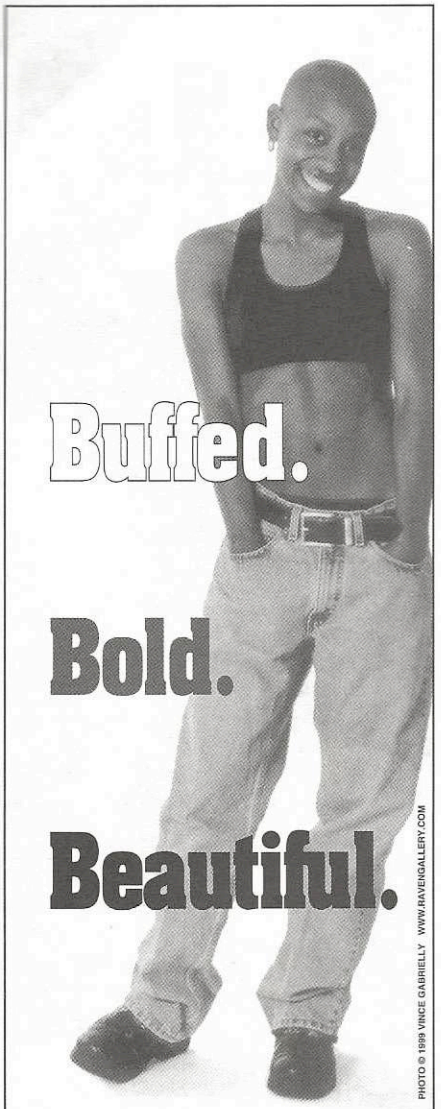

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contributors

Compiled by Lindsay McClune

Says **Toni Amato** of sex, women, and writing: "What I like best about women is sex, and what I like best about sex is women. Add a little good reading to good loving, and ya got yerself a recipe for heaven." Check out Toni's hot piece "A Girl Like That" on page 38. Toni's erotic fiction has appeared in *Leatherwomen II*, as well as three editions of *Best Lesbian Erotica*. She is currently working on *Mama's Boy*, a full length erotic novel. She lives in Boston and would like to fondly dedicate "A Girl Like That" to her sweet little sister.

Toni Amato

Amelia G was lucky enough to get to shoot sexy Alexi, this issue's pinup (see page 16). "The night I shot Master Alexi, my shooting partner Forrest Black and I were planning on photographing her with her wife The Nymph. The Nymph was tired, but Alexi was packing and ready to go; if I've got a camera and a naked hottie in front of me, then no roll of film is safe." Amelia is a regular contributor to *Tattoo Savage*, *Fetish*, and *Playboy Online*. She edits *Blue Blood Magazine* and *BlueBlood.net*. Look for stories of hers in this year's *Best American Erotica* and *Best Women's Erotica*.

Amelia G

Lolita Wolf helps the world's asses get a little rosier with her How-To on spanking (see page 46). She is thrilled to be contributing to **On Our Backs** because it's the first time she's ever been paid for writing. "Spanking is one of my favorite activities, whether giving or receiving," says Lolita. She is definitely qualified to advise: She's an officer of the Lesbian Sex Mafia, an honorary member of Gay Male SM Activists, and a member of the National Coalition for Sexual Freedom. She has presented on various SM topics around the country and received many awards, including the NLA's 1997 Lifetime Achievement Award and the Defenders NY 1999 Founders Award.

Lolita Wolf

"It's really good when you shoot dominatrices: they come fully equipped," notes **Michele Serchuk** (see "Leslie and Evita" page 22). In this case, Mistress Evita was able to send her slave out for refreshments, which were sorely needed: "It was really hot in the studio that day, and there was no air conditioning. But the models totally got into it. I had to take off my shirt, but Leslie's a nudist, so we all just ran around naked. We had a great time." Michele lives and works as a photographer in New York; her work has appeared in *Libido, Pucker Up, Bad Attitude, Paramour,* and *Masquerade*.

Michele Serchuk

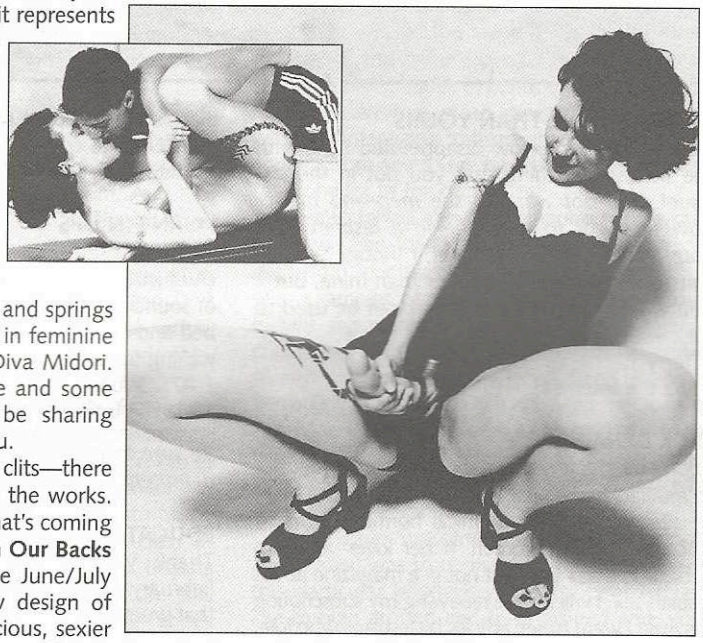
As a voyeur/exhibitionist herself **Kendra Kuliga** says that she jumped at the chance to take pictures of two hot girls having sex in a room where other chicks were (supposedly) oblivious to it ("Housemate Hook-up," page 32). Kendra Kuliga is a full-time photographer and illustrationist for *Metro Weekly* magazine as well as a freelance photographer and graphic designer. She has also been known to show her stuff at drag king performances as Drag King Ken. For more information please contact her at kgkstudios@aol.com.

Kendra Kuliga

AMELIA G. BY FORREST BLACK / MICHELE SERCHUK BY J.R. LINDHOM / LOLITA WOLF BY RUSTY

from the editor

My girlfriend subscribed to **On Our Backs** when I was a just a baby dyke in college. It was a big part of my coming out: a source of validation, information, and, of course, all kinds of sex tricks to try out with her! I remember the first issue I ever saw (March/April 1991)—I must have read it a hundred times. I remained a loyal reader and fan. Only a few years after I saw my first issue, I became a contributor when my erotic fiction was published in the magazine (January/February 1995). When the new **On Our Backs** was launched in 1998, I was thrilled to join the team as my superhero alter ego Adventure Girl. Yup, that was me: able to leap tall butches in a single bound. You may also recall that I seduced my trainer Teresa at the gym for the December/January 1998 issue. And now I have truly come full circle. Nearly a decade after I saw my first issue, here I am introducing myself as the newest editor of **On Our Backs**! I feel honored, thrilled, and also challenged: I have the opportunity to guide **On Our Backs** as it represents lesbian sexuality in the next century. Not an easy task at all.



TRISTAN BY RICHARD MITCHELL / TRISTAN AND TERESA BY MICHELE SERCHUK

Looking strapping for my debut issue!

So what will happen to Adventure Girl now that I am editor? Well, I have passed my superhero cape on to a new Adventure Girl, Natalie West. Natalie picks up where I left off this issue and springs into action with a lesson in feminine domination from FetishDiva Midori. In coming issues, Natalie and some guest adventurers will be sharing their adventures with you.

Girls, hold onto your clits—there are other big changes in the works. I'll give you a peek at what's coming when the redesigned **On Our Backs** makes its debut with the June/July issue: a spectacular new design of the entire magazine; luscious, sexier pictures; longer, hotter erotic fiction with mind-blowing illustrations; an expanded sex toy review section; and new departments.

And speaking of changes, so many of you have asked that we give you more explicit pictorials. Well, I'm happy to oblige. I have a three point plan for **On Our Backs** in Y2K: 1) more pussy; 2) more tits; 3) more ass. I'm gonna do my best, and begin by offering you Alexi, a butch vixen with a shiny switchblade and plenty of attitude. Have you ever wondered what pro-doms do when they come home from a hard day at the dungeon? Leslie and Evita prove that sensuous vanilla sex can be hotter than ever. For those of you who have roommates, housemates, flatmates, and other non-solo living arrangements, I'm sure you will be able to relate to Karen and Salua, who couldn't resist each other and made their first hook-up a public one. And finally, I am overjoyed that one of my personal heroines, sex pioneer Dr. Carol Queen, graces our cover this month as none other than the regal, naughty queen she is. Lori Selke's interview is as fascinating as the Queen herself. Hope you enjoy!

With lube and affection,

Tristan Taormino

Tristan Taormino, editor

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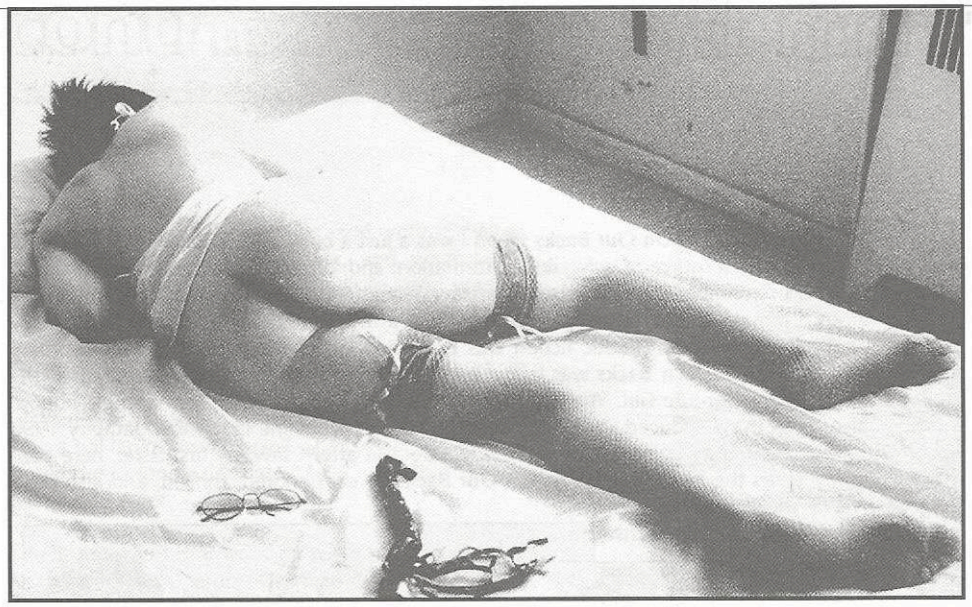


CRAIG HILL

ORGASMIC DIVERSITY

Your photos of luscious Anne and superstud Angel are the best I've *ever* seen in a porn mag ("Anne Handled" and "Transsexual Transylvania," October/November 1999). Your magazine keeps getting better, riskier, and realer. So thanks for giving me that warm, special feeling; I think I'll go have a cigarette now.

Dell
Via the Internet

SPEECHLESS

Words can't express how happy I am to see Anne, a voluptuous woman, on the cover. With the population becoming more and more overweight, it is refreshing to see a magazine which depicts the "real woman."

Amy S. Lambert
Roanoke, Virginia

BIGGER THE BETTER

Thank you so much for the diversity you showed in your October/November 1999 issue. Anne is a big, gorgeous girl and proud of it! I would love to see more photo spreads of that genre. I have had many hot fantasies with your "Ooooh, Team"(August/September 1999) photo spread. Alex is too cute...,

Jezebel M.
Via the Internet

EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

How about actually putting some *attractive* women in your magazine?

[Name Withheld]
Via the Internet

HANDLED BADLY

I am quite disappointed by your "Anne Handled" cover October/November 1999. To say that Anne and most of your other models are grossly overweight and unattractive would be an understatement. I am a lesbian and it doesn't excite me in the least. This is what you charge $6 for?

[Name Withheld]
Via the Internet

Beauty must be in the eye of the beholder, because we find your fat-phobia grossly unattractive. And guess what: we are lesbians too!

HIRSUTE HEGEMONY

Rose McGowan did not deserve to be put in your "Jeers" column for her comment on leg hair (August/September 1999). I found her remark to be pointed and downright funny. I'm sure you know that all dykes are not hairy, granola, antibeauty fascists, so lighten up.

Theresa
Davis, California

MINE'S BIGGER THAN YOURS

I can *not* tell you how disappointed I am with the transsexual thing that you put in the last issue! *I do not want to see men—no matter how they got to be men—in a lesbian porn mag!* When I first saw Angel, I thought, finally someone that has a clit larger than mine. But if you want to see a real clit that can be used to fuck with, send a photographer to me.

Terry T.
Via the Internet

DICK DOMINANCE

I don't mind a few dildos, but if a woman decides to mutilate her genitals in order to look like a man, or alter herself with chemical hormones, that is *not* about loving women. If her lover wants to suck dick, that's fine, but not in a magazine about lesbian sex. I will not be renewing my subscription because I want to see articles by lesbians who love themselves as they are (not JoAnn Loulan).

Gal
Ferrisburg, Vermont

We too want to see articles and photos by lesbians who love themselves as they are. We also respect everyone's right to define lesbian for themselves. Haven't we moved beyond policing who is a "real" lesbian? Are you so sure you qualify?

FTM T MTF

The FTM spread in the October/November 1999 issue looked fabulous, but made me wonder if we will be seeing any MTF erotic photography in the upcoming issues of **On Our Backs**? It's wonderful that transpeople's sexuality is coming to light in the lesbian community, and I'd love for it to be inclusive of *every* type of woman.

Teresa Theophan
Via the Internet

MORE BUTCH COCK

Hey girls! Thanks for the hot mag. Some suggestions that would really turn me on: butches sucking each other's cocks, hot drag kings, girls ejaculating. Keep up the good work!

fATLez@go.com
Atlanta, Georgia

PORN PIN UPS

Toni from the "Caged Heat" photo spread (August/September 1999) is *beautiful!* At the risk of sounding ridiculous, I have her pix next to my bed and on my refrigerator hall of fame! Makes waking up and eating all the more enjoyable!

A. Maslow
Via the Internet

Be sure to check out Alexi on page 16: She is definitely pinup material!

EDUCATIONAL EJACULATE

Thank you so much for Adventure Girl's February/March 1999 quest. I did not know that women could ejaculate. It finally happened, and I have to tell you, if there are any other big secrets out there, I have to know about them, 'cause *yaaahoo*! What a fucking experience (pun intended).

Timex
Waterloo, Ontario

CORRECTIONS

In our October/November issue, we neglected to mention that Anne, our cover star, is bi...and proud! We also incorrectly stated that Phyllis Christopher was our photo editor in the 1980s, when in fact her tenure was in the early 1990s. Rachel Heath was correctly identified as the author of "What They Do" on page 30, but incorrectly on the Table of Contents. Our apologies to all three fabulous women. In an advertisement for the **On Our Backs** photo contest (December/January 1999) we neglected to include a photo credit for Erica Mainshine.

GET US OFF

Send your letters via email to letters@onourbacksmag.com, via fax to 415-648-4705, or write **On Our Backs** Magazine, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110.

Doin' Mistress Midori (I Wish!)

by Natalie West

As a well-trained (if not terribly naughty) submissive, slave, little girl, service slut, and bitch bottom, I have been yearning to explore the dom within. You know, do that dreaded S-word thing—switch. So, when I heard that the famous, feisty, professional dominant Fetish Diva Midori was teaching a workshop called "The Art of Feminine Dominance," I signed up for the class faster than you can say "ma-tric-u-lation."

First of all, Midori is a fucking femme goddess. I mean, I know it's part of her job and all, and she does have a killer wardrobe, but dude, can she light up a goddamned room. And I've done my homework on this particular diva: perused the Web site (www.fetishdiva.com) like crazy; drooled over her killer bod wrapped in one latex sheath after another in Steven Diet Goedde's slippery book *The Beauty of Fetish*; sat mesmerized by that crazy shit she administered to some Japanese submissive girl in Ernest Greene's SM porn vid *Cruel Beauty*. Have you seen that motherfuckin' bondage-discipline-and-all-things-in-between masterpiece? We're talking lip bondage, a dildo-fucking machine, the goldfish trick...really unbelievable stuff.

Of course, she showed up to the class in high-femme gorgeousness. She had breasts for days and curves a mile long in this turquoise-and-gold monster corset. Her shoes were like so fucking high (I think she calls it masochism through footwear) and the corset so fucking tight (self-bondage, she smiled), I just wanted to set her free! Or maybe not. Anyway, her beautiful black hair looked like it had been brushed one thousand times by an adoring slave, and, even though I was there to learn how to find my dominatrix within, I couldn't help but want to be that slave! So I took a deep breath and started taking notes. She is one of those women who enters a room and immediately commands your attention, your respect, your submission. No wonder she gets paid the big bucks.

Someone asked Midori why she calls herself a professional dominant and not a dominatrix. She replied, "For me, 'dominatrix' sounds harsh and reminds me of porn movies. 'Dominant' is a gender-neutral term and works better for me. Dominatrix is a profession or a performance, whereas dominant is a state of being." To me, it doesn't even matter, 'cuz I'd call her anything she wanted me to, including, hopefully, "Ma'am" (she says only the lucky ones get to call her that).

She started out her lecture with some word-play exercises. She asked us to tell her what we think of when we hear the word femme. So, people started saying words like *delicate, curvy, fragile, warm, seductive, powerful, nurturing, sensuous, bitchy, manipulative*. I thought of lipstick, nails, garters, beauty, strength, hunger, giving. Then we did the same thing for the word dominant, and came up with *forceful, painful, strict, decisive, leader, in control, intense, manipulative, insensitive, mean, powerful, nurturing*. It was very interesting to hear where everyone was coming from and to see how the words bounced from one list to the other.

She also talked about dominant female archetypes we can identify with when forming our own dom identities. She asked us to come up with examples of female tops from mythology, history, and media. We came up with so many, I couldn't write them all down, but I do remember Marilyn Monroe, Helen of Troy, Queen Elizabeth, Bette Davis, Marlene Dietrich, Medusa, Joan of Arc, Mae West, Xena, and, of course, Madonna. Later, I thought of the Sigourney Weaver character in *Alien*, Debbie Allen from *Fame*, and maybe even Buffy the Vampire Slayer.

Midori gave me some pretty good tools; now all I needed was some practice. I had my eye on this particular boydyke who I thought I might like to boss around and push around and, well, terrorize a little bit. I arranged with the boy's top to have her come to my house and be my houseboy for the day. When she arrived, I told her she had to call me Mistress, and I was already fucking tripping on the power. She was so good, she only forgot like two times to say it at the end of every sentence, and I got to smack her for it. I had her shave my legs, and threatened that if she nicked me, she was in for big trouble. In Midori's class, I decided that part of what I like about being a dom is having someone worship my body. She did such a careful, gentle job that I wished I had made it harder for her: I couldn't punish her at all! So I made her clean my house instead, and she did a fucking excellent job—*so* excellent that I made her lick my boots when she was done, and thank *me* for letting *her* clean my fucking house. I love being a top—why didn't I try this sooner?

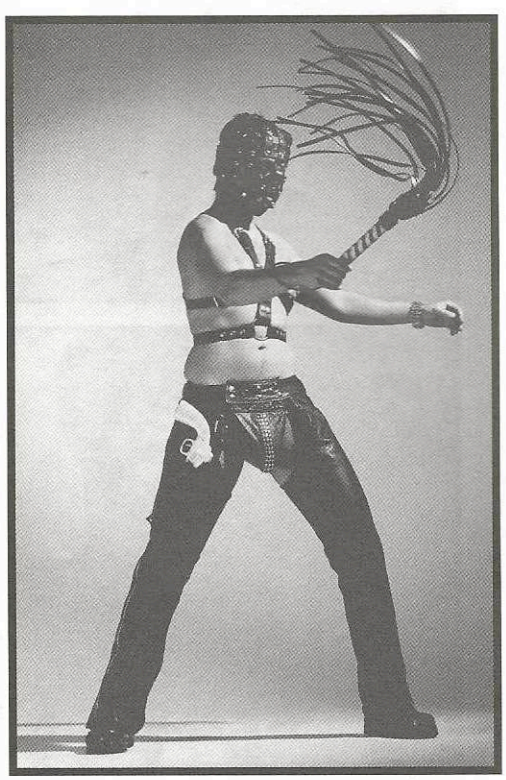
Every issue, Adventure Girl sets off for another sex-capade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA, 94110; fax 415-648-4705; e-mail editorial@onourbacksmag.com

Photography of Midori by Steve Diet Goedde

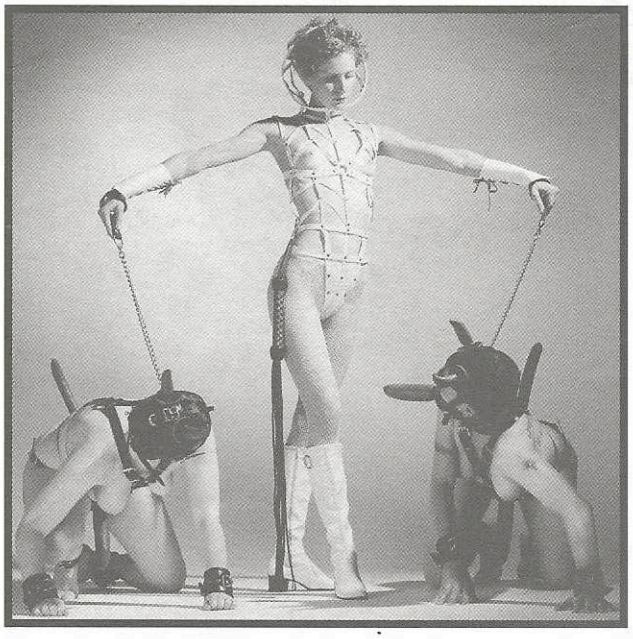
Everyone in Leather

Bondage gear from ASLAN Leather

When Carrie Gray went looking for sex toys and fetish gear to use for her own sexual exploration, she found that the products on the market were neither made to fit a woman's body, nor were they constructed with durable material. So she established ASLAN Leather hoping to encourage women to explore their desires in a safe,sane, and consensual manner. The first product that Carrie, the owner and sole proprietor of the company, made was a dildo harness, which she constructed so that the dildo would stay in position even during the most rigorous activity. After testing her creation on a few friends, the news of her talents spread quickly. Within a year, she was making dildo harnesses and custom bondage gear for retail distribution.



Photography by Richard Swecki Courtesy of ASLAN Leather



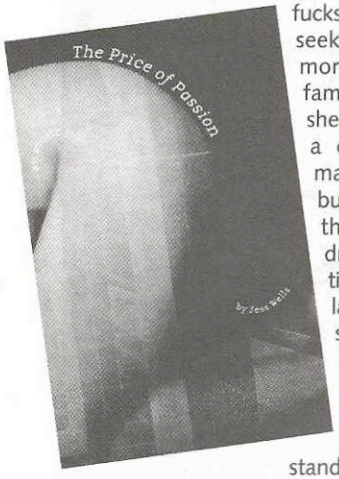
ASLAN Leather can be found on the net at www.aslanleather.com

read it

The Price of Passion

by Jess Wells
(Firebrand Books)

The Price of Passion chronicles the travels of Simone, a young American woman, as she travels around the world saying good-bye to her grandmother Abigail's former amours. Simone becomes smitten with many of the women she meets and fucks, but she is also seeking something more: a link to her family and the love she never received as a child. Simone has many sluts around, but pulls away from the women who draw her in emotionally. What *Price* lacks, however, is a sense of Simone's lovers as actual people rather than sex objects; it's a bit hard to understand why Simone loves a specific woman when we only read about that person for a page or two. Nevertheless, this is a captivating tale full of exotic affairs and emotional dramas. **rkb**

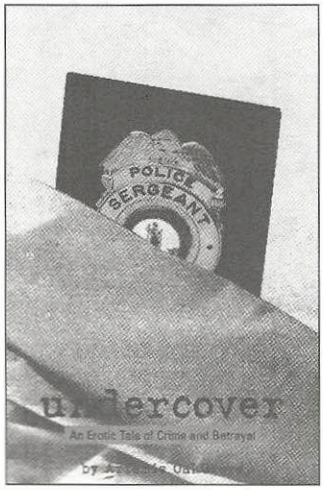


Grade:

Undercover

by Artemis OakGrove
(One Rogue Press)

Undercover could have been an exciting tale: There's almost enough steaminess to keep you going, beginning right on page three. However, the language is barely readable at times, and numerous grammatical errors make delving into the story daunting. In a nutshell, Diamond Miner (yes, that's her name) has amnesia and has to find out how she plays into a blackmail scheme under investigation by the FBI, while sorting out her complicated love life, complete with ex-girlfriend and lover-turned-spy. The mystery is intriguing but convoluted, and too many of the characters seem like cardboard figures rather than real, complex people. It's worth a few hours of your leisure time (especially if you skim to the spicy sex scenes), but not much more. **rkb**



Grade:

Lip Service: Alluring New Lesbian Erotica

edited by Jess Wells
(Alyson Books)

It's so great to see a compilation that truly represents women with such diverse experiences and ages. *Lip Service* gets an A+ for diversity, but it's unfortunate that much of the writing is weak and clichéd. "I can't stop thinking about my dysfunctional ex-girlfriend" is a grating theme that runs through several of the stories. Get with the program gals: an ex is only erotic when you are fucking her. That said, some stories did give me some wood, including Nilaja Montgomery-Akalu's "Plastic Pleasures," about a witty seductress store clerk and a woman who runs out of batteries for her vibe. Finally, "Deo Gratias" by Connie Fox is a beautifully written piece about aging and death; it touched me deeply, and was also very sexy. **ec**

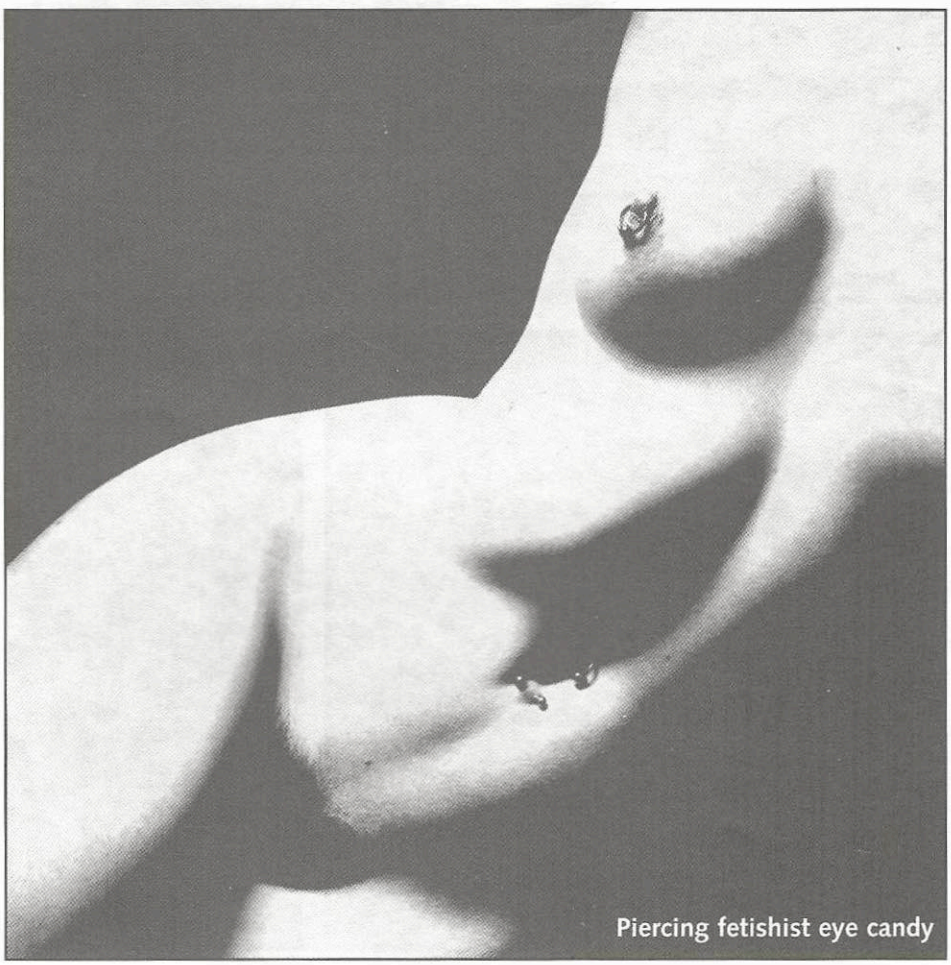
LipService
alluring new lesbian erotica by
Wendy Caster • Kate Dominic • Amie M. Evans
Merril Mushroom • Anne Seale • Renetta Tolliver
Karen X. Tulchinsky • Sarah Van Arsdale and others
edited by Jess Wells

Grade:

Body Piercing

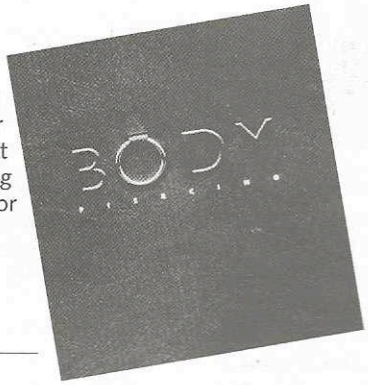
by Andrew Dunbar and Dean Lahn
(St. Martin's Press)

As a piercing advocate (borderline obsessive) I couldn't help but be drawn to *Body Piercing*'s plain, black, minimalist cover with a large metal ring piercing straight through it. But you don't need to have enough piercings to set off a metal detector to appreciate the artistic quality of *Body Piercing*. Piercing is presented as an aesthetic art form as well as a fetish for those of us who are already converted. One of the book's best photos, for example, is the opening photo of a piercing needle. It is so beautiful, it made me shiver as I remembered my own piercing expe-



Piercing fetishist eye candy

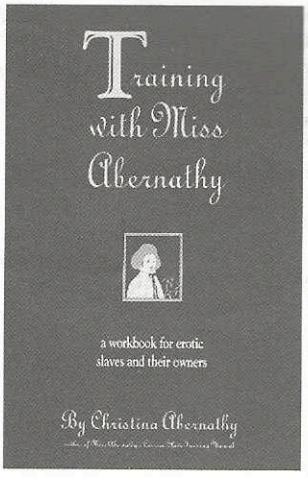
riences. I would love to see a naughty sequel with edgier piercings. But it serves as a great coffee table book—if not a chilling reminder of past piercings or future piercings to come. **lm**
Grade:



Training With Miss Abernathy

by Christina Abernathy
(Greenery Press)

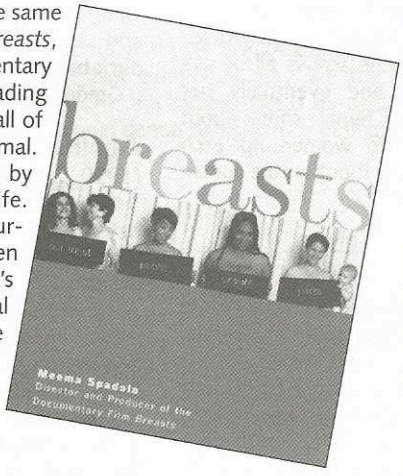
Training With Miss Abernathy is a book full of exercises and resources to help one determine what type of slave one would be, and how to learn more about becoming that slave. But these are no ordinary exercises. They are very personal, meditative, self-searching exercises. Among other things, they invite the reader to conceptualize her priorities, values, and boundaries. This book makes slave relations very accessible and erotic. But it also forced me to look at what makes me happy in life, where I want to be, and what the most important things in my life are. Not only did I find this a wonderful resource for how to pick up better manners and what might be expected of me as a slave, but I swear this is the best self-help book I have ever read. **lm**
Grade:



Breasts

by Meema Spadola
(Wildcat Canyon Press)

No matter what you may think of your breasts—too small, too large, lopsided, or just right—somewhere, sometime, some other woman has felt exactly the same way. So goes the premise of *Breasts*, the book version of the documentary film with the same name. Reading this book wonderfully asssures all of us that it's normal to feel abnormal. The commentaries are provided by women from all walks of life. Strippers, grandmothers, suburbanites, and transgender women provide their views on what it's like to have breasts. The social commentary may be a little frothy for serious students of culture, but it certainly provides food for thought. **ef**
Grade:



Little Black Book

= Wash your hair instead.
= Like foreplay, leaves you wanting.
= One-night-stand material.
= Call U-Haul—this one's a keeper.
= Better than sex.

Review Staff

ef Evil Felix
lm Lindsay McClune
rkb Rachel Kramer Bussel
ec Egidio Cianfarani

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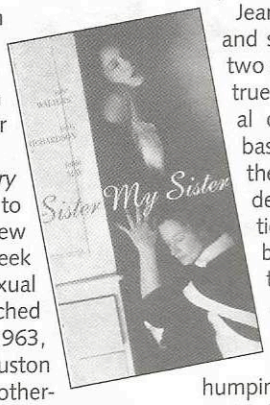
ALL IN THE FAMILY

sisterly love takes on a whole new meaning

by Diane Anderson-Minshall

After federal racketeering charges sent several erotic filmmakers to jail in the 1980s, the Free Speech Coalition stepped in with a list of guidelines to keep the porn industry decent. Stay away from rape, bestiality, and scat play, the guidelines urged, and any suggestion of incest should be left on the cutting room floor. Which is why some of the most erotically tinged portrayals of familial love can be found in films that weren't intended for adult theaters.



Numerous movies, from *The Very Brady Sequel* (1996, Paramount) to *Spanking the Monkey* (1994, New Line), have taken a tongue-in-cheek approach to consensual heterosexual incest. Even Ingmar Bergman touched on lesbian incest in *The Silence* (1963, Home Vision). While Angelica Huston and John Cusak's incestuous mother-son relationship in *The Grifters* (1990, Universal) was brilliantly vague, the same filmic treatment of the eldest siblings in *Flowers in the Attic* (1987, New World) left viewers who hadn't read the book clueless (yes, they became lovers). Some incestuous send-ups were just plain creepy: the starkly ashen hetero union in *Angels & Insects* (1995, Evergreen); the chaotic older siblings in *Cement Garden* (1993, New Yorker); and the darkly repressed, lesbian coupling in Carol Kane's *My Sister, My Love* (1978, NO).

But some films do provide glimpses of taboo tales that will light your fire without making your skin crawl. Check 'em out. In fact, watch them with a relative.

Melody in Love

(1978, Fox)

A badly dubbed soft-core porno in which Melody O'Bryan, a young blond girl of dubious heritage (is she American? Canadian?), goes to visit her female cousin and learns all about sex and swinging on a tropical island (is it Morocco? Hawaii?). Well, the cousin is darkly attractive, the girl is nubile, and the house where the action takes place is even lovelier.

Grade: 👄👄👄👄

Signapore Sling

(1992)

A kinky, sordid tale of a mother and daughter who are lovers and who live out their lives torturing men and playing domination games with each other while dressed in sexy lingerie. More than your average splatter film, traces of French film noir elevate the film to the level of a David Lynchian nightmare. There are plenty of Sapphic and sadistic encounters, but you'll have to wade through sexual abuse, live burials, and the boy wonder who tears mommy dearest's family apart.

Grade: 👄👄👄

Maids

(1975, No)

Jean Genet's play about the SM games and sexual fantasies exchanged between two maids who are sisters is based on the true crime story that later inspired several other films. *Maidsplay* (1983) was based on the actual trial transcripts, so the film spends more time on the murder than on the frenzied sexual relationship between the women. But the brilliant *Sister My Sister* (1994, A-Pix) takes the stifling character study and adds an erotic charge that's unparalleled in most films. While nudity is scant, several sessions of kissing, dry humping, and passionate groping between attractive leads Joely Richardson and Jodhi May leaves little to the viewer's imagination.

Grade: 👄👄👄👄👄

Mirror Images II

(1993, Academy)

In this soft-core sexploitation thriller, the eroticism between two twin sisters (both played by Shannon Whirry) is never explicitly explored. However, it's clear that the presumed dead, bisexual sister Terry has incestuous feelings toward her uptight, repressed, married sister Carrie, which is why she screws all of sis's boyfriends, employees, and eventually her hubby. When Carrie tells a female shrink about the whole thing, the two women rip each other's clothes off and hash it out on the couch.

Grade: 👄👄👄👄

Mascara

(1987, Warner)

A psychosexual transvestite murder mystery about a repressed Belgian cop who is in love with his sister and fixated on a particularly pretty dress. His sisterly love interest is played by Charlotte Rampling—who also plays a pregnant, incestuous lover in *'Tis a Pity She's a Whore* (1973, Academy Entertainment). Filled with sexual confusion and violence, *Mascara's* conflict centers around a gay SM club called Mister Butterfly and some action that culminates in a pre-*Crying Game* revelation.

Grade: 👄👄👄👄

Dress Up for Daddy

(1985, Fatale)

Okay it's not really incest; it's a real lesbian couple, Cecilia and Jay, playing out their father-daughter fantasies, replete with uniform fetish and light SM. Although the film is shot on video and features a cheesy soundtrack, it does offer viewers a chance to become voyeurs of one couple's fun, explicit sex (role playing, dildo blow jobs, and plenty of lesbian sex).

Grade: 👄👄👄👄

House of Yes

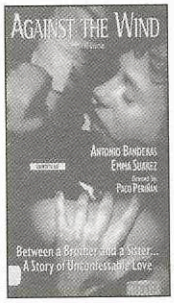
(1997, Miramax)

In this black comedy, Parker Posey is a rich, smarmy, and attractive young woman with a Jackie Kennedy–death fetish and a strong love for her twin brother. When Posey's on-screen mother says, "Jackie came out of the womb holding Marty's penis," you know you're in for a wild ride. Performances by an "unloved" younger brother (Freddie Prinze Jr.) and a poor, innocent, country girl (Tori Spelling) add to the gumbo. But, while the on-screen sex scenes between Posey and her brother are surprisingly erotic, the film's best asset is its witty, irreverent dialogue. When Spelling warns Posey that incest will spawn web-footed children, Posey—fresh from a night of very kinky lovemaking—turns to her brother and asks, "Where should we bury these duck babies?"

Grade: 👄👄👄👄

Against the Wind

(1990, Facets Multimedia)

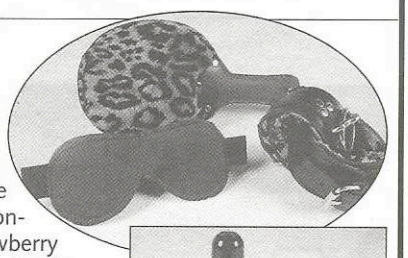


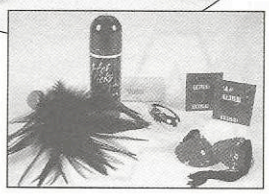
One of the few films about heterosexual incest that's actually worth a damn is this Spanish film in which hunky Antonio Banderas tries to escape his obsessive love for his sister (played delectably by Emma Suarez) by hiding out in a remote area. All hell—and passion—breaks loose when little sister shows up to claim her man.

Grade: 👄👄👄

If no distributor is indicated, we were unable to locate it. However, most of these films can still be rented at adult video stores or purchased through Movies Unlimited (800-4-MOVIES).

try it



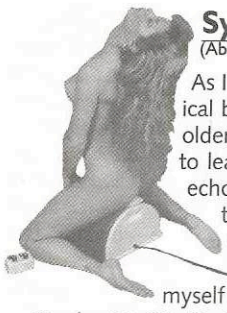


Valentine's Day Kits

(Good Vibrations, Lusty $28, Cat House $110)

Good Vibrations' Valentine's kits are some of the best I have ever seen. From the **Lusty Lady** Kit (my personal favorite) containing pasties, a feather duster, a silver bullet vibe, strawberry Hot Licks Gel, and chocolate-flavored condoms, to the **Cat House Bondage** Kit containing leopard-print-fur-lined leather cuffs and matching leopard fur-lined paddle, it is hard to go wrong. The kits are thoughtful, creative, and fun, (Hell, they even come with their own batteries!) They have everything you need to fuel a fantasy or offer just one more excuse to have sex (as if we need one). I don't suggest waiting to get them for your chosen Valentine pal(s); get them all for yourself (you can *always* share). In the meantime I will be practicing spinning my pasties and cuffing strawberry-lubed girls to my bed. **lm**

Grade:



Sybian

(Abco, $1395)

As I unpacked the very large box the Sybian came in, visions of riding a mechanical bull came to mind. The power and the noise of the Sybian remind me of an older British motorcycle I once owned. After about ten minutes of riding, I learned to lean forward to make the most of the good vibes. The orgasm I experienced echoed throughout my whole body, rather than just my pussy. It reminded me of the expensive massage chairs that you find at high-end gadget stores at malls, only a lot more sexual. Unfortunately, the Sybian, like massage chairs, is a little out of my price range. Definitely more than a one-night stand, I found myself wishing for a sugar mama to buy me one of my own. **ms**

Grade:

Wild Vibes

(California Exotics, $15)

As all fashionable femmes know, animal prints are *very* in this year—so why not get a vibrator to match those fuzzy leopard stripper shoes? This is no ordinary smooth plastic vibe with variable speed. Whip out a buzzing tiger vibe that coordinates with your tiger-print G-string at the next sex party, and you'll be the talk of the town. **tt**

Grade:

SheerGlyde Dams

(SheerGlyde USA, $0.75 each)

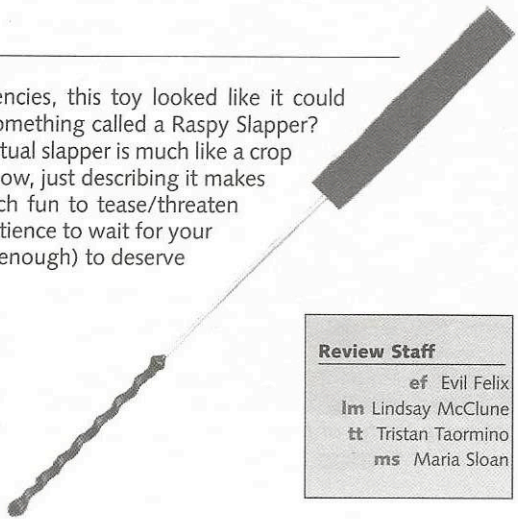
They're fun, they're flavorful, and they're FDA approved—what more could you ask for from a dental dam? Not everybody may like the Vanilla Crème and Purple Wildberry flavors. That's OK; the tastiest part is the fact that SheerGlyde dams are much thinner than the usual dental dams, which definitely gets you more bang for your buck. **ef**

Grade:

Raspy Slapper

(Sorodz, $25)

As someone investigating my topping tendencies, this toy looked like it could promise lots of fun. Who can resist owning something called a Raspy Slapper? I am not sure what I was expecting, but the actual slapper is much like a crop with a sandpaper-like texture on the end (I know, just describing it makes me shiver too). It is easy to use (and so much fun to tease/threaten someone with). The hard part is having the patience to wait for your bottom of choice to be bad enough (or good enough) to deserve it. **lm** Grade:



Little Black Book

= Wash your hair instead.

= Like foreplay, leaves you wanting.

= One-night-stand material.

= Call U-Haul—this one's a keeper.

= Better than sex.

Review Staff

ef Evil Felix
lm Lindsay McClune
tt Tristan Taormino
ms Maria Sloan

advice

THE DOCTOR IS NINA

NO ORGASM, NO DEAL

I'm very much in love, and so is my girlfriend. Before we met about a year and a half ago and decided to be monogamous, we were both women about town, sexually speaking. Our sexual chemistry was apparent from the start, and it still is; however, we still have a sexual problem. I only like to have orgasms about four times a month, whereas she likes to have them at least that many times per week. It's not that I don't want to fuck as often as she does. The problem is that if I can't come that often, she doesn't want to either. I get an emotional and physical rush from pleasing her like nothing else, and I love doing her as often as possible. I don't have a sexual problem that I can think of; I do love sex. I don't have abuse issues, and when I do come I probably wake the neighbors. I'd like her to let me fuck her anyway more often that she does, but her ego or something doesn't seem to permit. Please advise?

Power struggles over differing levels of sexual desire and expression are never pleasant. In her previous incarnation, your lover's identity was quite wrapped up in getting women to come. She seems unable to expand her self image to happily respect her lover's sexual nature when it doesn't mesh with what she wants and needs. I can't tell you how to resolve this sticky situation as the issues are too personal. If she won't discuss it, you may need to seek counseling so you can get clear on what you need to do. Remember, the only person you have control over is yourself. Respect your own needs and have patience.

NOT INTO DILDOS

I am a 25-year-old lesbian who just got into this lifestyle about two years ago. I'm with a young woman who likes to have sex with a dildo. When we first got together, I would allow her to penetrate me, but after a while it got uncomfortable. I really love and care for her deeply, and I wish I could give myself to her in that way because she really enjoys it. The problem is, I don't know if she really understands how I feel or if she's just doing without for my sake. What do I do? I want to please her in every way, but I really do have problems in that area.

Have you talked to her about your concerns? Give her a chance to be understanding instead of being fearful of how she might respond. If you want to become more comfortable with being penetrated, Betty Dodson's book, Sex for One *is a good place to start. Sexuality as a growth practice is effective because it's so connected to our center. If we follow our feelings generated through sex back to their source, we can heal a lot of the pain in our lives. As you give her the chance to be supportive, you can give yourself the chance to develop the capacity to be more receptive at your own pace, and for yourself. This could be a very exciting time for you both. Good Luck!*

OBSESSED WITH THE EX

My ex-girlfriend and I have been broken up for close to a year now. We dated for almost three years and were truly in love. I've been dating someone new for about nine months. We have wonderful sex (better than the ex and I ever had) and a good relationship. However, I find myself consumed, more often than not, with thoughts of my ex, ranging from love to hurt, from anger to missing her. Sometimes I think I'm going nuts. Help!

From your time line, you were only single for three months before you got into another relationship, which doesn't sound like it was enough time to heal from the break up. You just need more time to let your emotions run their course. Remember: all our emotions can tell us about ourselves, if we let them. The more you can stay with your "negative" emotions as a meditation, the more your "hurt, anger and missing her" can reveal yourself to you so that you may release them. Embrace all of your feelings and have compassion and patience for yourself.

SHY BABY DYKE

I'm in my first serious relationship. I really like this girl, and we've been dating for six months now, but I'm basically a shy person when it comes to things I am not familiar with. And as we get closer, I'm feeling more out of my depth: I don't really know very much about being in a lesbian relationship. I'm bisexual, but most of my relationships have ended before we got really serious. I was wondering if you knew of any books or anything that would help me figure things out?

Relationship issues are hard. I'm still learning how to have healthy adult intimate relationships. Combine that inner tension with new expressions of sexuality and you've created a mine field. There are many good relationship books out there, but my favorite is Be the Person You Want to Find *by Cheri Huber. As you trace your feelings to their roots, things will fall into place for you. Let your new feelings for each other emerge slowly, deliciously, savoring every one as it appears. Enjoy the trip!*

Nina Hartley is a porn star and registered nurse. Send your woes her way. Fax: 415-648-4705; mail: Dear Nina, 3415 César Chavéz, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; e-mail: nina@onourbacksmag.com

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ALEXI

NAME: Alexi

AGE: 25

LOCATION: Oakland

STATUS: "I have been handfasted to my girl for a year. However, we are an open, understanding, polyamorous couple who share ourselves with other compatible women. I'll only see someone who understands that I already have a primary partner and can respect that."

IDENTIFICATION: "I am a big pushover daddy dyke dom about 80 percent of the time, and the rest...well, it's a woman's prerogative to change her mind!"

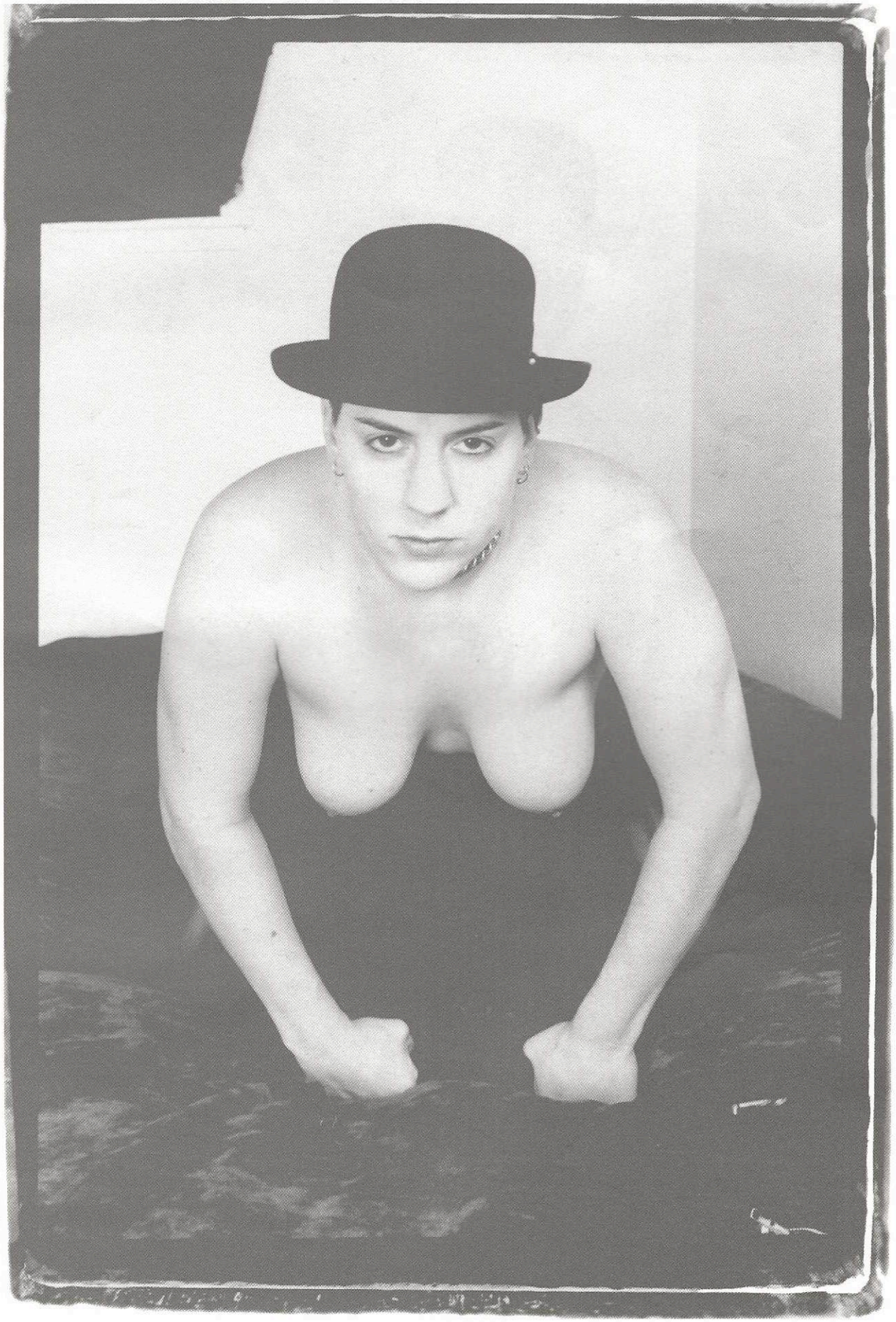
HER TYPE: "Femmes...the femmier the better. I love the way they smell, the way they dress, and the way they scream in bed. It's so cute!"

THE ONE SEX TOY TO BE STRANDED WITH ON A DESERT ISLAND: "My girl. It's amazing what an obedient little girl can do for you sexually... when given the right inspiration!"

A MUST-TRY SEX ACT: "I would like to fuck a cute fag boy up the ass. Or at least a faggy girl. You know who you are!"

ABOUT THE PHOTO SHOOT: "Amelia, the co-editor of *Blue Blood* magazine (a magazine of gothic decadence) did the shoot with me a while back. She was wonderful. She was also the first woman to take pictures of me. All that talent and good looks—what more could a model want?" – **lm**

photography by AMELIA G. AND FORREST BLACK



Carol Queen

According to sex activist and educator Carol Queen, she pursued her doctorate in sexology in part so she could one day say, "That's *Dr.* Queen, *Mr.* Helms." She is the author of such instant classics as the polymorphously perverse novel *The Leather Daddy and the Femme*, the erotic self-help book *Exhibitionism for the Shy*, and the collection *Real Live Nude Girl*. Queen is delightfully open and enthusiastic about all aspects of sex, as well as a tireless advocate for sacred sex work, bisexuality, and fornication in all its forms. Her activism began early: at age 19 she was already the founder of one of the first gay youth organizations in the United States and was featured in the book *Lesbian Crossroads* by Ruth Baetz, a fact which she's a little embarrassed about now. We spoke at her home, as she sat on her king-size brass bed, surrounded by books, papers, and two attentive cats.

by Lori Selke

Michelle and Christy worship Carol Queen

PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

On Our Backs: I was very amused by *Lesbian Crossroads*. You started out as a little lesbian separatist.

Carol Queen: I was never a very good separatist.

On Our Backs: But you were trying hard.

CQ: In those days, that's what you did. I deeply wanted to connect with the lesbian community, and the community was pretty separatist. There were very few women who made a point of asserting their right to socialize with even gay men, much less anybody else. So trying to be bisexual in that setting was damn near impossible, at least if you wanted to find a girlfriend. Which is what I think leads many certified dykes to turn to straight girls and try to bring them out! But I only had a certain amount of luck with that strategy myself. It was a challenge to get through that period of—I was going to say my shifting identity, but it wasn't really; it was just a place of malleability in reaction to the social conditions that I lived in.

On Our Backs: So when did that change? When did you stop being separatist?

CQ: I was able to live in a largely female world for about five years, from the time that I got with my first girlfriend, with the exception of one corner of my activist world that stayed centered around the Gay Alliance on campus. It wasn't even the Lesbian and Gay Alliance yet, and there were not many women; I was certainly the most prominent and active one there. And why? Because I loved fags, that's why! [Without] the dissonance around the communities and identities that I was struggling with, it would have felt entirely natural to hang around a bunch of fags. That's one thing that has stayed pretty stable for me, my comfort level with gay men. But the whole time I had a straight job. I never did withdraw into a completely lesbian community; I couldn't find a way to do that. I wasn't going to live out on the land—this was in Eugene, Oregon, so there was a substantial trend to going out and living on women's land. And in 1984, my father died and left me enough money to go back to school. And one of the things that came up for me, leaving a mostly women's enclave, was that my bisexuality reasserted itself in a profoundly pesky way. It was also a period when I was discovering and reasserting my femme self and coming out of the years of Birkenstocks. I remember being the subject of a whisper campaign in Eugene because I wore high heels to a Eurythmics concert! It wasn't that getting more comfortable with my femininity reconnected me erotically with men; it was, "If I'm not going to fit in, all right, I'm just not going to fit in." Also happening right about that time

> **"The kind of queer I am is deeply, intimately associated with, committed to, and in love with, fags"**

was the appearance of AIDS. That was affecting the gay men that I knew and loved. The kind of queer I am is deeply, intimately associated with, committed to, and in love with, fags. It really hit me between the eyes that queer men were part of my world in a way that was as central as women, and I had to figure out way to make my life reflect that.

On Our Backs: You wrote a book called *Exhibitionism for the Shy*. I have to say, it's hard to accept the concept that you were ever shy.

CQ: I was painfully shy; I had one of those strange split personalities that I think shy exhibitionists often present, having one place where I was not at all shy, and another where I was just so impacted that it was dysfunctional. The place where I wasn't shy was, strangely enough, around theater and public speaking. My first girlfriend remembers that shortly before she jumped me, she sat watching me stand up on the back of a chair in a crowded movie theater where we were about to show a documentary as a benefit, and she was looking up at me going, "God, that's a brazen hussy, I want to jump her." And then when she did jump me, I was like, "Aigh!"

On Our Backs: She discovered that you were not a brazen hussy.

CQ: She discovered that I was petrified. And not capable of talking out loud in bed. Just enormously shy. She was actually an enormously influential part of me coming out of that sexual shyness I was plagued with. With me being shy and her being brazen, I just figured, I've got to get a little more brazen to catch up. And she was enormously supportive and influential in that. Looking back, I can't imagine how I would have gotten out of that space by myself, without some kind of encouragement. And that's one of the things that compelled me to write *Exhibitionism for the Shy*. Because I knew that other people could do it too, and other people were suffering, trying to get out of that place. Being shy is not any fun. I don't think anyone who's ever been shy has felt comfortable in it, really. And I feel like if you're closed off in a sexual level, then you're probably going to be less assertive than you could be in other areas of our life. People take advantage of shy people. And none of that's okay.

On Our Backs: You also teach workshops on Exhibitionism for the Brazen. What do you cover in those? What do brazen people need to know?

CQ: The first time I ever taught an exhibitionism workshop, I did call it Exhibitionism for the Shy, but half the class was brazen—they hadn't even bothered to read to the end of the title of the workshop! They just showed up; they were in their gold lamé and their big makeup. The truly shy women sort of huddled in one side of the room, looking at them with terror. So in Exhibitionism for the Brazen it's basically a brazen lovefest. It's people talking about ideas around exploring public sex—that's something that plenty of still relatively brazen folks have never done. We also tend to look a bit more at erotic personas, although I talk about those in the For the Shy workshops too, because personas are a wonderful way a shy person can just go, "You know what? I know you know me as a shy person, but that's not me. I'm dressed up; I'm Ms. Diva Thang now." It's a mutual admiration society more than anything else, because functionally, I can't teach these people anything, I can only make some new suggestions for places where they can buy cool drag and show up and show it off. At the same time, it's not uncommon for some people to be very comfortable saying what they want sexually and talking dirty and all that, but aren't necessarily comfortable enough with their bodies to go out and be publicly sexual or dress up in flashy ways. So even within the general group of brazen hussies, there are people with more comfort in one direction than another. Once in a while we learn striptease, too. There's really nothing to it: you just move slower than you think you have to—just slow down. Take your clothes off mindfully, and somebody else will think it's the most thrilling thing that ever happened to them.

On Our Backs: A lot of your writings talk about the sacred whore and sex work as a spiritual path. Could you elaborate?

CQ: When I began to do writing and speaking about sacred whoredom, there already was a community that was deeply invested in those issues, so I definitely got a lot of inspiration from them. I've been on one level or another involved with Wicca and/or Goddess spirituality since I was 11 years old. [And] it always has been part of my sex-work experience that I was allowing my distilled sexuality to have a persona, a space to be in the world, which is something

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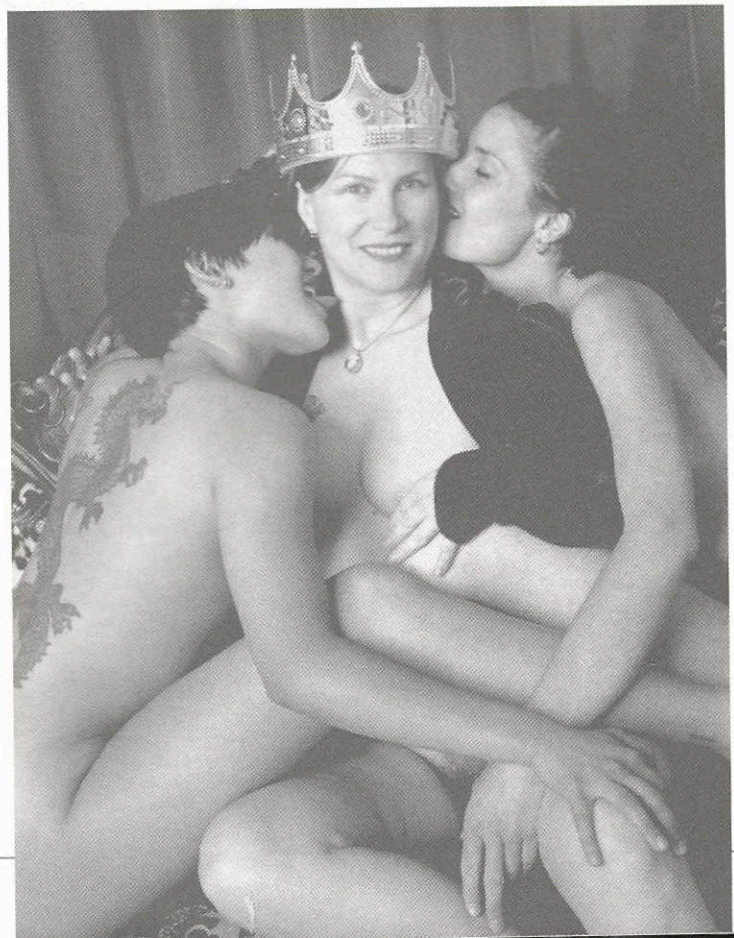
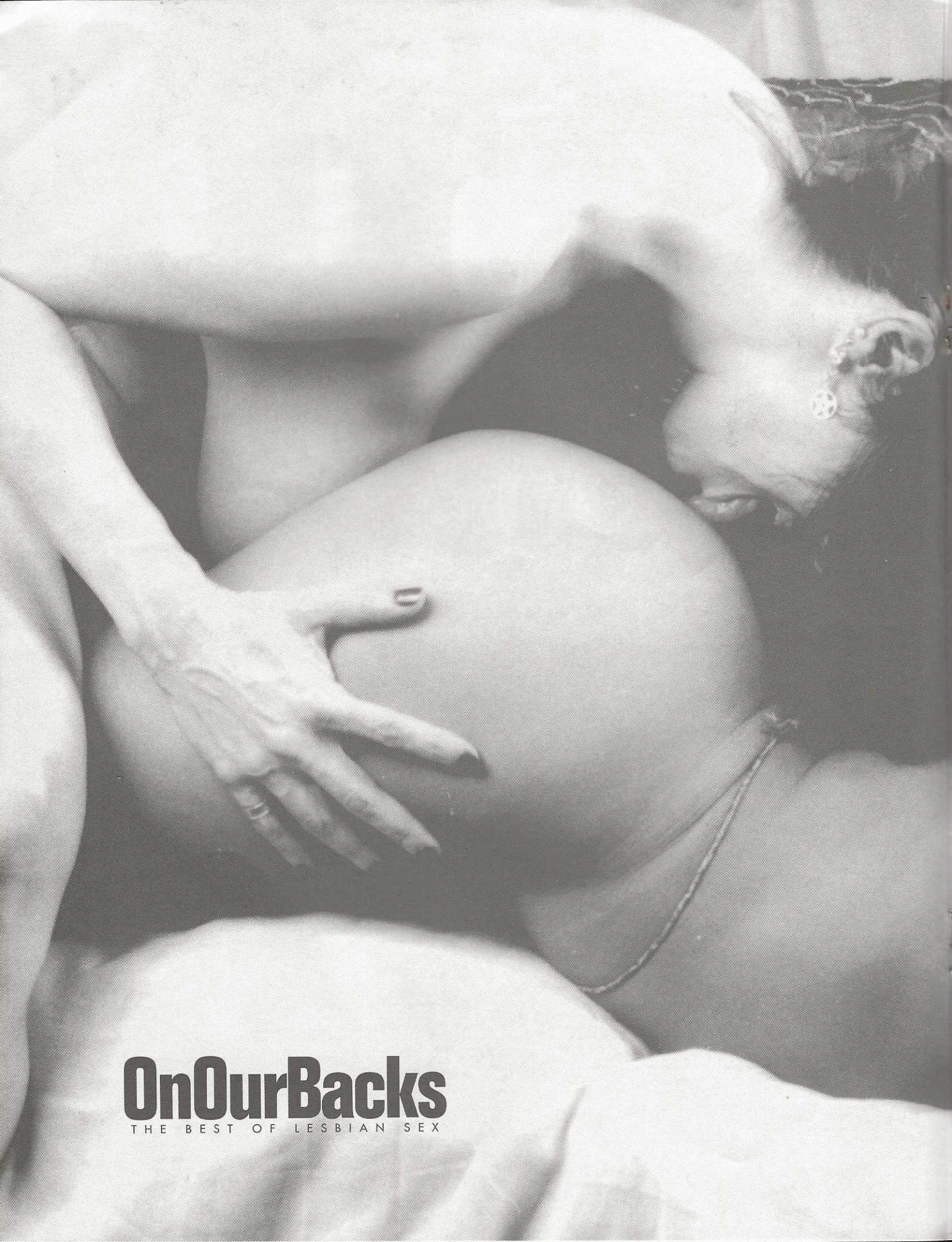


Oral Fixation

photography by michele serchuk

Evita and Leslie work as professional dominatrices in New York, and they've starred in several SM videos together. Their attraction for one another has been an undercurrent through all their work. One night, after an exhausting day at the dungeon, Leslie invited Evita to have dinner at her place. Leslie leaned over to kiss Evita, and pretty soon, the two were rolling around naked on the couch. "It was nice to put away the whips and restraints and just enjoy the pleasures of each other's bodies," said Leslie. Even dominatrices need a night off from role playing for some sweet lovemaking. –tt


OnOurBacks
THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

Atomic Tits

by Felice Newman • photography by Phyllis Christopher

The ABCs of Breast Play

Women's breasts are eroticized, fetishized, and politicized. Our breasts are the subject of magazines, books, porn videos, and art (both great and not-so-great). We are taught to regard our breasts as magnets to attract the male gaze—the bigger the better, we are told, to elicit the admiration of men. All this male cultural baggage leaves little room for discussion of women's breasts as the site of *our* erotic pleasure.

In fact, until now, no sex guide even included a chapter on breast play—not even in sex guides written for women. Why not? You'd think that women just don't enjoy touching other women's breasts! Of course, as lesbians we know better. We take pleasure in breasts—both our own and those of our lovers.

In writing *The Whole Lesbian Sex Book,* I wanted to offer lesbians and bisexual women the most comprehensive sex guide possible, with information on all forms of erotic play: from cunnilingus to fisting, fantasies to bondage, and everything in between. Little did I know that in writing a chapter on breast play, I'd be a sexual pioneer!

The Lesbian Reality

Truth is, our breasts offer a delicious range of sensations. We enjoy caresses, fluttering kisses, moist lips on nipples. We like squeezing, pinching, kneading, slapping, and nibbling. We like our nipples tugged and bitten, pulled, twisted, and tortured. We enjoy soft touches around the curves. We crave feeling our breasts nestled together with those of a partner. We relish a woman's hands on our pectoral muscles. We luxuriate in voluptuous breasts overflowing our grasp and we adore pert breasts with pointed nipples teasing the palms of our hands. We delight in juicy bee-stung nipples that fill our mouths. We love hard masculine chests proudly fronting a woman's body. We even like to suck a drop of colostrum from a partner's nipple.

Lesbians know, too, that breast play isn't only for partner sex. Women stimulate their breasts during masturbation—some women keep a set of nipple clamps by their bedside for just that purpose. Women with large breasts can even suck on their own nipples as they stimulate their clits.

Women who love breast play crave attention to their breasts, especially to the nipples. Some women can reach orgasm from prolonged nipple stimulation alone.

Your breasts may seem to get larger as you get aroused. Like a clitoris, an aroused nipple may take a *lot* of sensation. You may enjoy more intense nipple play as you approach orgasm. In fact, some women must be extremely aroused to get turned on by any nipple play at all.

"My nipples are extremely sensitive," reported one of my interviewees for *The Whole Lesbian Sex Book*. "I can't even wear clothing with seams there or bump against the edge of a table without feeling uncomfortable. So I have to be sexually stimulated before someone can touch them—but then I want it all, especially sucking—but not hard."

Sensitivity Training

"Sometimes I'm very sensitive and just a gentle stroke will make me shiver or jump." Lesbians and bisexual women will tell you that breast sensitivity changes from day to day, over the course of the menstrual cycle, and over a lifetime. During a woman's period, her breasts swell to their fullest and roundest—and may look quite succulent. Breasts may be more sensitive in the days leading up to your period or during your period. Both PMS and pregnancy can make you feel as if you have "atomic tits."

New piercings, of course, will make your nipples especially tender. Fibroids can also make breast play painful. Any surgical procedure, such as a breast reduction or breast implants, can result in scar tissue that affects sensitivity. Of course, breast cancer will affect women very individually. Some women lose sensation after treatment, while others experience pain.

"Two years after my lumpectomy, other people can hardly see the scar even when I point it out," reports one breast cancer survivor. "I lost sensitivity in the nipple for a while, but it's back almost full-strength now. I have ongoing irregular nerve pain inside the breast tissue around where the tumor was. Pressure directly on that area of the breast hurts like hell, so positions like lying on top take care. Sometimes if I mention this to a lover she or he seems scared and then avoids touching that breast. I understand, but would prefer a more careful touch and inclusion of that breast in our sex play. I loved my breasts before, and I treasure them even more now."

Teacher, Teacher

"I never used to enjoy breast stimulation until I met my current partner. Perhaps no one had a soft or gentle enough touch for me...or maybe I just never allowed myself to feel what I've felt with her," reported another interviewee. So much about breasts is left unsaid; as a result, breast play is an area where good communication skills can pay off. A delicate kiss on an oversensitive nipple can be pleasurable or excruciating—or both. Ask before caressing, sucking, pinching, biting, or using clamps or other toys. Don't assume that if you like light, subtle touches she'll like that too—or even feel it! Or that if you like to have your chest mauled, your partner will as well.

Next time you're in the mood to entertain your partner, show her exactly what you like. Let the exhibitionist in you run wild. Touch your breasts exactly as you would have her touch you. Then take your partner's hand in yours and show her what you want.

"I like rough play with my nipples. I want to be tugged and sucked and bitten and pulled and twisted, and I want more and more and then some."

Just as important as showing your partners how your breasts feel is discussing how you feel about your breasts. You can't predict breast play preferences by breast size or even gender identification. How we feel about our breasts as objects of erotic attention is extremely personal. Just as not all femmes delight in breast worship, not all butches will retreat from a hand on their breast. However, they may be very particular about the kind of attention they receive. One interviewee told me: "I like my chest rubbed more than my nipples played with. I like it treated like a guy's chest."

Not all women eroticize their breasts. Many survivors of sexual abuse find the memory of it triggered by having their breasts touched, which makes sense if one's breasts were the site of unwanted, harmful attention. Some survivors skip breast play entirely; others guide their partners in how they can enjoy breast play.

Nipple Piercings

"My piercings make my nipples one of my main sources of sexual pleasure. I can come from just nipple play," said one interviewee. The pierced dyke isn't just a stereotype. She's a sexual reality. Many lesbians get pierced because nipple piercings can make breast play even more deliciously erotic. Not only are the rings and barbells attractive and fun to play with, many women even find that their nipples become extra sensitive after they get piercings.

Nipple piercings can take several months to heal. New piercings can be quite raw. They're also vulnerable to infection. So, if you're having sex with someone who has a piercing, make sure you ask how recently she got it. Ask your partner how her piercing affects nipple sensation, too—some women lose nipple sensitivity as a result of scar tissue forming at the point of entry.

Toys for Breast Play

"When my lover sucks and pulls my breasts, I sometimes like to imagine that I'm restrained by some kind of device that holds my nipples as people explore my body. God, I *love* that." One good thing about the way our culture fetishizes breasts is that we have no shortage of breast accoutrements to choose from. You may not ordinarily think of your clothes as sex toys, but lingerie and fetish wear are popular erotic playthings—especially for the exhibitionist. Delicate structures of lace that emphasize the shape of the breast, corsets that enhance cleavage, brassieres with holes where nipples can peek through, leather harnesses, and chain-mail halters—all are designed to draw the eye to your breasts.

Bondage enthusiasts can create elaborate corsets of rope as beautiful and alluring as any

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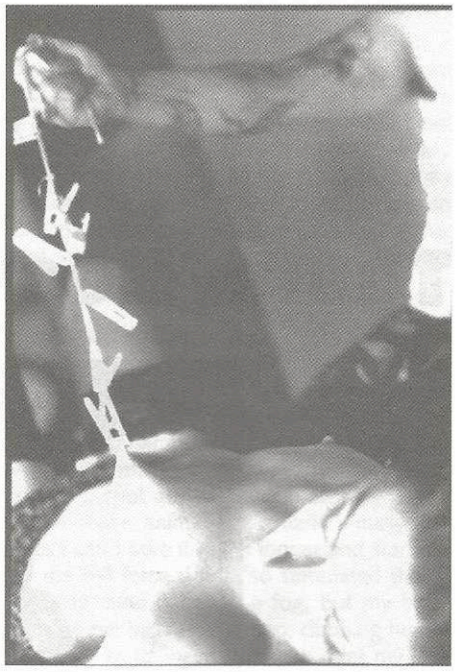


The How-Tos of Breast Play

Here are some favorite breast play techniques:

Chew her chest and underarm, working your way to her breasts.

Experiment with a range of sensations from very light touches to very rough.

Lick and nibble the sensitive underside of her breasts.

Bury your face between her breasts.

Cup the breasts in your hands, squeezing them together.

Press her breasts into your chest.

Lick your fingers and swirl the wetness over her nipple. Or, use a drop of lube, edible flavored lotion, or even her own juices (if you don't intend to suck her nipple again or the two of you are fluid-bonded).

Stroke her nipple quickly and lightly, alternating with sharp pinches.

Blow on her moist nipple.

Roll a nipple between your fingers. Lick and suck the tip as you would her clit.

Squeeze her breasts together and lick both nipples simultaneously.

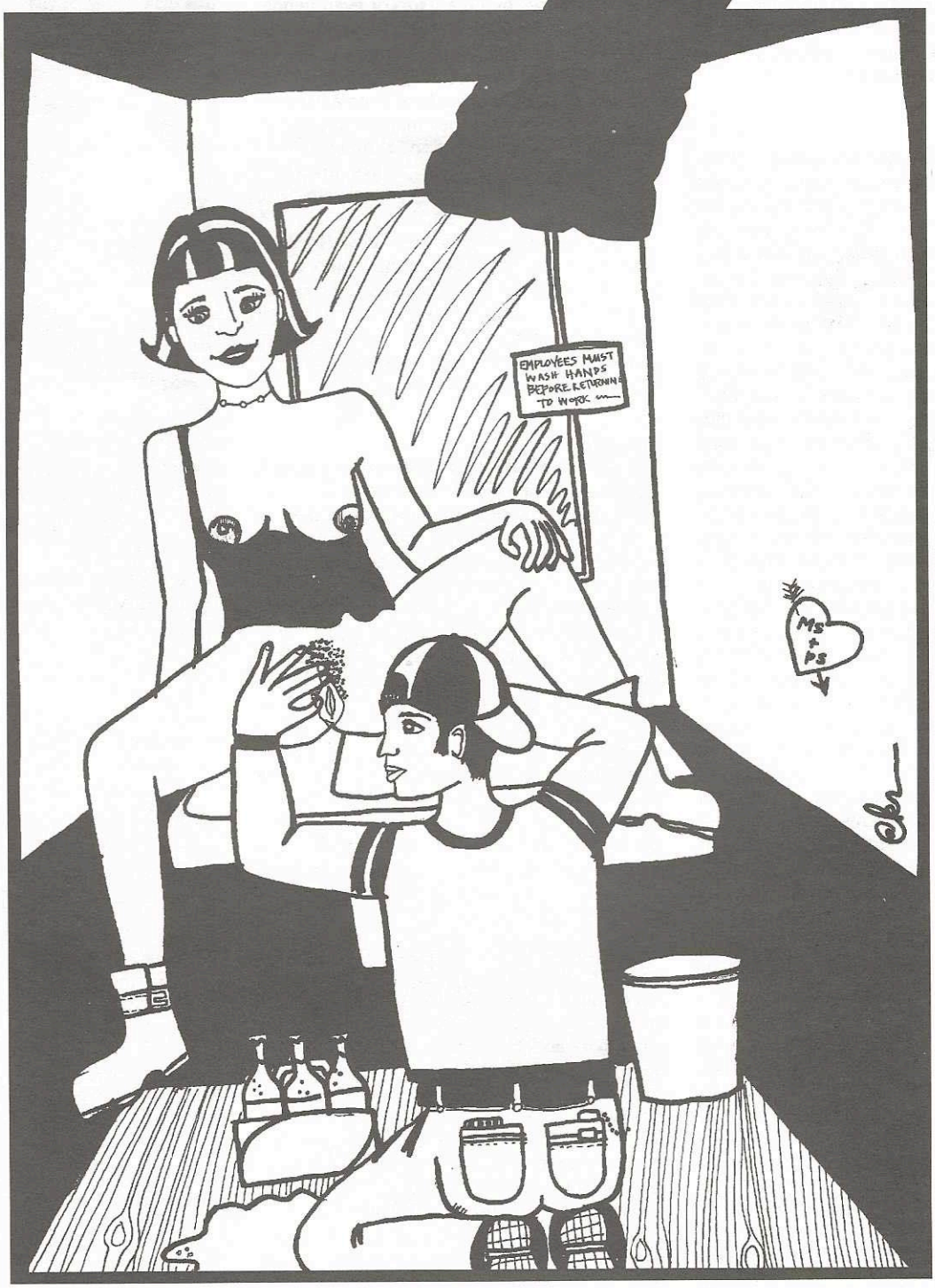
Pinch and squeeze the nipples between thumb and forefinger.

Grab a pair of nipple clamps to stimulate her breasts, leaving your hands free for other things.

Rub your vulva over her breasts; or rub your nipple on her clit after orgasm.

Turn a blow job into breast play. "Tit fucking" needn't be reserved for heterosexual porn. After she's sucked your strapped-on cock, slip your saliva-lubed cock between her breasts and thrust inside her cleavage. You can slide your cock back and forth between her cleavage as she sucks.

Thank Heaven For -Eleven



by Kate B. Nealon **Illustration by Alicia Relles**

The front doors beep as I push through them, and the balding man behind the counter glances up briefly before refocusing his stare on a tiny television set in front of him. I make my way past the rows of candy and the racks of girlie mags toward the refrigerated cases lining the back wall. I've always found something comforting about a 7-Eleven at night, with its familiar aisles of processed treats and its bright lights to keep all the darkness outside.

A stock person is unloading a box in the next aisle, and I feel an instant leap of attraction. I notice short, dark hair under a baseball cap, muscular arms, and hands that look small enough. Please, God, let it be a girl. My heart skips a beat as she turns around: yup. The girl, who looks even better from the front, notices my look, and a slow smile spreads across her face. I blush and spin around, pretending to be suddenly preoccupied with my beer decision. Hmmm, so many choices nowadays.

But when she moves again I can't keep my eyes from following her. She's going slower now, showing off because she knows I'm watching her. She flexes as she picks up the now empty box and heads through the "Employees Only" door. I gaze wistfully after her for a moment before gathering my wits, grabbing a six-pack, and stopping by the freezer case to get a pizza-for-one.

At the register, I look down with slight dismay at my selections, which scream, "Alone tonight? You bet." I hope that if the cute stock girl notices she'll find it endearing instead of pathetic. As I furtively try to see if she is coming back or not, the man behind the counter interrupts with a grunted, "Cash back?"

"Huh?" I say, "Oh, no, thanks." He hands me my receipt and I grab my bag.

I'm headed toward my car when her voice stops me. "Hey."

I turn around. She's leaning against the wall, smoking. God, is she hot. When I finally find my voice, it's shaky.

"Hi," I say, slowly walking back to her. I'm trying to be casual, like it's every day that girls wait outside of stores to meet me.

"Are you off work for the night?"

"Cigarette break." She answers.

Ah. That would explain her standing outside smoking a cigarette. My mind starts to race. Please, let her be trying to pick me up. I stand next to her, aware of the traffic sounds from the freeway and the way the shadows from her hat hide her eyes. She takes one last drag of her cigarette, stubs it out, and turns to face me. I feel her hand at the small of my back, and before I know it, we're kissing. I guess she doesn't believe in long formalities. I hear little sighs and groans escape my mouth as I revel in her soft lips. Her hands travel down to my butt, scooping me up and pressing me closer into her. Then the headlights of an approaching car play over us, and she pulls back.

"Come here a second," she says, grabbing my hand. She leads me around the corner to a door marked "Restroom" with universal man and woman symbols. She slips a key in the lock and flicks the light switch.

Even though convenience store restrooms do not rank high on my list of favorite spots for trysts, I know by now that I want this woman so bad that I'd fuck her just about anywhere: even standing in a puddle of pee, where I realize we just might be as I look down at the damp floor. The yellow light bulb overhead casts an unflattering light on the small dingy space with just a toilet, sink, and paper towel dispenser. But this woman wants to be alone with me here, which means that this is heaven.

Her hands fumble to lock the door as I press her against the wall, running my hand between her legs. She reached under my shirt to brush my nipples and I moan into her mouth, rubbing up and down on her thigh.

She lifts me up to the sink and unbuttons my fly. We're kissing this whole time and she can't take me fast enough. I lift one butt cheek to help her take off my jeans and underwear. The sink is cold beneath my butt, but all thoughts of fear and discomfort quickly disappear as she runs her hands up my bare thighs, pausing for a long, long moment before her thumbs come to rest gently on my clit. I hadn't expected such finesse in a 7-Eleven bathroom.

I know by now that i want this woman so bad that i'd fuck her just about anywhere.

I become one big nerve ending as she slowly strokes me, becoming acquainted with my wet folds. Everything in my body begs her to keep going as she slips more and more fingers inside of me. As she finally starts thrusting, my back arches and I bump my head on the mirror. I hardly notice; I'm getting louder and louder and can't help myself. Her breathing is getting heavier too, with her soft groans providing a subtle bass line to my gasps and breaths.

She somehow loosens herself enough from the vise grip of my thighs to slide her face down my body. She looks back up at me as her head gets between my legs, and I feel time stop. My face is clearly showing all my emotions, but I don't care. I want to be even more obvious so that she can see exactly where she's taking me. I rest my thighs on her shoulders and her mouth softly closes around my clit.

Oh.

"My god," I murmur as she licks the underside of my clit, her fingers still inside of me. She keeps her tongue moving, lightly at first, enjoying the responses she's provoking in me. I am completely at her mercy. She starts to move her hand inside me again, curving her fingers to find my G-spot and stroking it steadily until I start to make animal-like groans. Finally she senses I can't take it much longer and starts to suck me full force. I jerk, so stimulated that it hurts. My mind becomes a fog, but my body adjusts to her increased tempo, climbing higher and higher to its inevitable peak. I let my legs fall wider and wider apart, totally relaxing my muscles, begging her to go deeper and to bang her head harder against my cunt. I feel the wave of heat start in my belly, and then my mind blanks out, my body shakes, and I come with a final shout.

After a moment, she lifts her head and I feel suddenly naked. She kisses her way back up my body, and when she reaches my mouth, I taste myself on her lips.

As I slowly regain control over my movements, I feel shy and sheepish. Here I am, half-naked and in love with this girl who has just shown me heaven in a skanky public restroom. Maybe she notices my sudden modesty, because she picks my jeans up off the floor and helps me to put them back on. I search for something to say as I button them, something brilliant that will forever emblazon me in her memory.

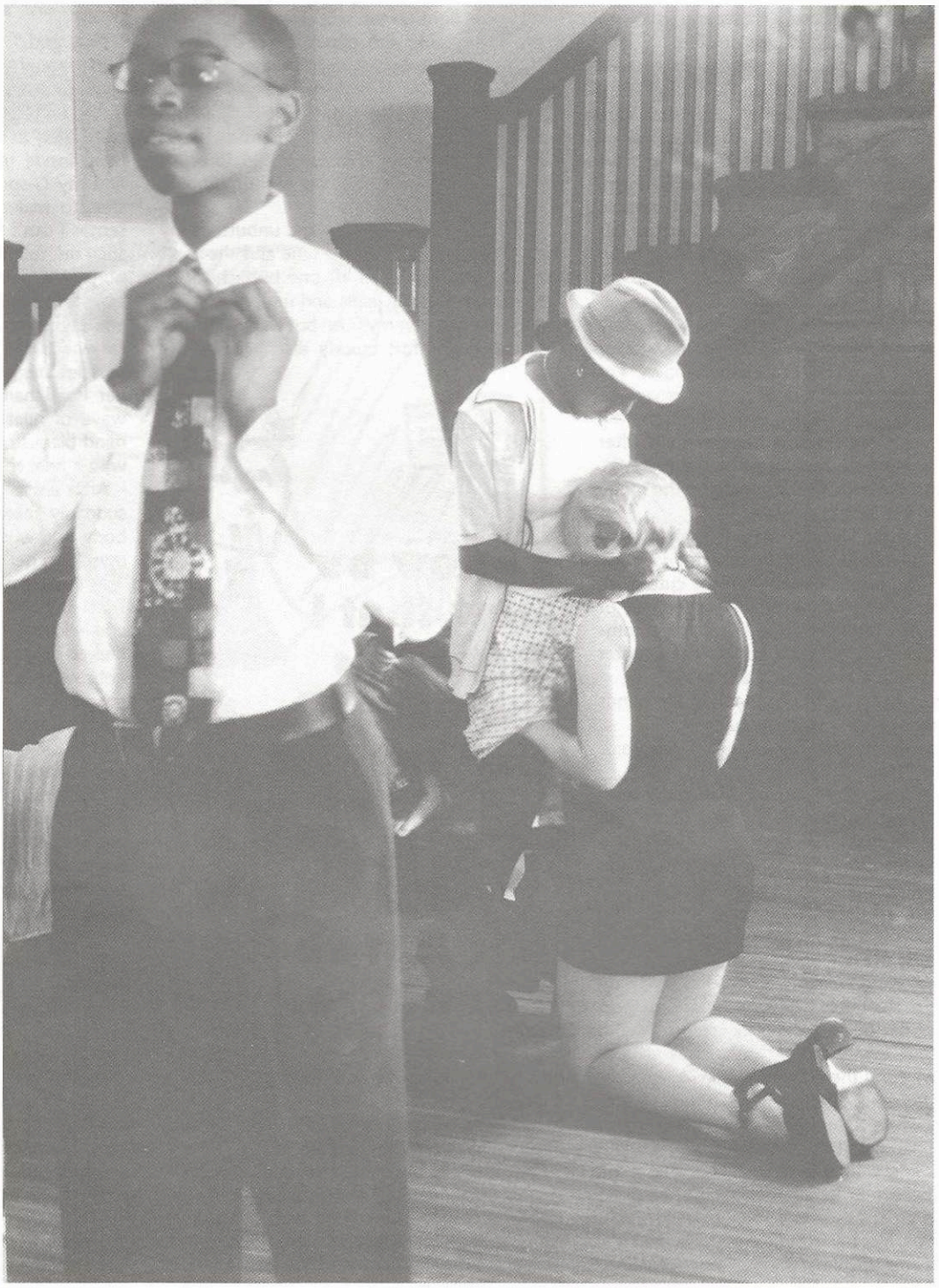
"Will your boss be mad?" I finally ask, feebly.

She grins lazily, "Nah, but I should probably get back to work." I get off the sink and grab my plastic bag with its thawed pizza and warm beer as she unlocks the bathroom door. As we step outside, I hear crickets chirping and the air smells like summer nights used to when I was a kid. She walks me to my rusty Toyota and I fumble with the keys, trying to think of some excuse to see her again.

"Um," I finally ask, "Can I give you my phone number?"

"Sure," she says, and I scramble among the empty food cartons and random debris in my car to find a scrap of paper and a pen. I finally hand her my number and look into her eyes to see what color they are. It's too dark to tell, really; hazel or brown, I think.

"Thanks," she says before walking back towards the store. I watch her as she takes off her hat, smoothes her hair quickly, and pops it back on again, pausing for a moment before disappearing inside. I wave one last time, with my car door (and my mouth) still hanging open. After she's gone, I listen for another moment to the crickets, then slowly start up my car to head home.



When April introduced her friend Salua to her housemates, Salua hit it off with everyone, especially Karen. Salua wanted Karen in the worst way, but she didn't know when they would get a chance to be alone. They flirted shamelessly until the tension was unbearable. Karen made her move. Pretty soon, the twosome were going at it right in front of the others. In a house where privacy is hard to come by, you can't let someone else's illicit affair get in the way of your everyday activities. Salua and Karen gave the housemates a show they would not soon forget.

Photography by Kendra Kuliga

Housemate Hook-up

Illustration by Leanne Franson

A Girl Like That

by Toni Amato

She's the kind of girl who brings out the worst in me. Coming on hip and cool and all into sex, rubbing some part of herself all up against some part of me every chance she gets. I'm not saying all the things my people taught me about women are so great, but I'll tell you what: where I come from, that kind of girl is called a cock teaser.

It's like there's this small thing, like those stars they talk about, those white dwarves, sitting deep and low in my belly, and this girl comes along, doing her number, and that son of a bitch just goes nova.

She makes the worst part of me want to do the best it knows how to teach her a thing or two about fucking. A thing or two she thinks she knows all about, but doesn't have a god-damn clue. I know these middle-class types real well. See, it's like they think they got the nasty down pat, cuz maybe they've done it with a couple dozen different folks, in a couple dozen different ways, and they're like, liberated, you know, cutting-edge perverts.

And this girl, I can tell she's got a thing for hill-billies, biker trash, rough trade. Or at least, she thinks she does. She's read a couple of books, seen a couple of movies, and now she thinks she wants herself a roll in the hay with one of them low-class types. 'Cuz we're "such animals in bed."

But she don't know from animals, except for that one time someone made her take it on all fours. All cosmetics and watching themselves in the mirror, thinking how naughty they are or, what's that big word the college girls use? Oh yeah, transgressive.

Makes me want to teach her another thing or two she hasn't picked up yet, give her a couple of real life lessons—not all prettied up and the-oried up. Couple of lessons she won't forget, but won't be in such a hurry to brag about, either. Because it's all about control for her, all about another notch in her lipstick case.

But it ain't gonna be that way, when I get a piece of her. It ain't gonna be that way, 'cuz I'm gonna take all of her, and let me tell you, I know that girl ain't got a fucking clue what it really means to be taken. She don't know what they say, where I grew up, about how if you roll around with a pig, you end up dirty. That's what she likes to think her sex is, and that's what I'm gonna make her really feel like. Dirty.

Gonna get her alone, somewhere, don't care where, as long as she can make all the noise she needs to, as long as she can holler and scream and pound the walls. Gonna call her damn hand.

'Cuz I know that all it's gonna take, is me looking at her a little longer, next time she starts that shit, just me holding her eye a little harder. See, she's sure she can get what she wants, whenever she wants in. Thing is, sometimes you got to be careful what you wish for.

Want to take that girl and slam her up against a wall, kiss her till her lips are raw, and till she's hoping I'll let her come up for air. Maybe make her bleed a little, and get that good taste of blood in my mouth. Want to see her eyes get wide and wild and maybe a little not so certain what she's in for. Want to feel her teeth rattling against mine.

Want to suck spit out of her mouth, then give it on back to her, start right off pushing at her edges.

Want to rip off her shirt the way she thinks I'm supposed to do, on account of how hot she makes me. Wreck the damn hundred-dollar thing she went and asked me how'd I think she looked in it, when what she really wanted was to see if I was thinking how'd she'd look out of it. Then I'm gonna show her my knife, the one I've had since I was a kid, the one I've used to skin deer. Gonna tell her all about it, too, while I trace it down her, neck to belly. Tell her how you do it fast and deep, like, while the blood's still warm.

Then she's gonna be wondering what the hell she got herself into. She's maybe played with knives before—the pretty, shiny kind that ain't no good for nothing but show. But us hillbillies, we use tools, things you got to have to get the job done right.

I want to push that short skirt she's been waggling around in up over her hips and run my knife along the edges of her panties. If she's even got panties on. Want to tell her how much I like to see it all shiny with pussy juice. Gonna cut the crotch right out, quick and clean, and leave her with a cool breeze blowing on her. Slap the flat side up against her bush, run the handle up in between her lips, maybe even let her clit feel how sharp I keep it. Wanna watch her try to crawl up that wall.

And when she starts in like that, trying to get that sharp thing away from her tender spots, I'm gonna put one hand around her throat, gonna use the other one to put my knife between her teeth and tell her to hold it there. Tell her she's got an awfully pretty face and she ought to be careful. Gonna lift that girl up and pin her against my hips. She's small enough for it. Gonna push up against her so she knows what I got in my pants. Gonna make sure she knows how hard I am for her, gonna tell her my balls are hurting and she's damn well gonna do something about it.

Get her up against a wall like that, I'm gonna have her cute little ass sitting in my hands. That skirt, and the way she's been walking around in it was supposed to make someone like me wanna fuck that ass. And I do. But first I'm gonna work it. Gonna fill my hands up with her asscheeks and work it while I grind into her, dry humping, biting at her tits. I'm gonna suck those tits like candy, like I'm the hungriest man alive. Pull some of that soft skin in between my teeth and leave her a mark or two to remember me by.

I ain't gonna stop till I feel her go limp, till I can tell that she's gonna need my help standing up. Play with her clit long enough till it feels like it's gonna burst, with her ass till it's making those little kissing moves. I ain't gonna stop till it's the last thing she wants me to do.

Then I'll let that girl fall. Hard. Let her fall to her knees and take a good look at the front of my jeans. Maybe she'll still be trying to be cool, then, but it won't be that way much longer. Gonna take my belt off and tie her hands together, behind her back. Gonna make her undo my button fly with her teeth. Bet she knows, how, too, a girl like that. Gonna make it hard for her, pushing up against her face till her back hits the wall again, till she has to keep her balance by leaning against my cock.

Then I'll take it out for her. Let her see what she's been toying with. Maybe slap her on the face a few times. With my cock. Tell her all about how that's her new best friend, and how she damn well better make him happy. How being teased makes him kind of cranky. Run my thumb along her lips, pushing up under them and along her teeth. Nice teeth. Hate to see anything bad happen to them.

Wanna see her lipstick get smeared all along my cock, wanna see her lips get wide and full. Bet she gives damn fine head, a girl like that. Bet she never had anyone fuck her mouth till she gagged. Bet for all her selling herself as some new Linda Lovelace, she never woke up with the back of her throat sore.

Gonna let her suck me off till I'm almost there, till I'm where, if I were a real boy, I'd be coming in her face. Kind of wish I could, too. Wish I

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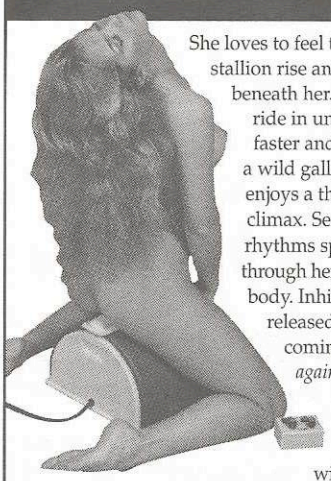
Bareback



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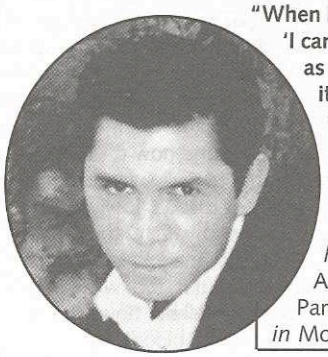
Compiled by Lindsay McClune

"Only white people think big asses are bad."
Chris Rock in Entertainment Weekly

"It seems like the media really want us to confuse feminist action with pictures of scantily clad women who have weapons in their hands. But it's just another way for capitalism to keep us looking up at impossible images, instead of looking at ourselves. How is anything gonna change if we're all at home watching Buffy?"
musician Kathleen Hanna

"If the seventies gave us hanky codes and Sylvester, why do we keep settling for rainbow flags and Ellen?"
columnist Kirk Read

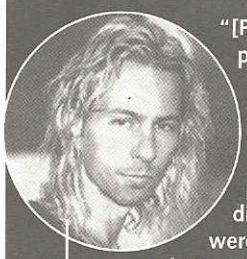


"When I read the line, 'I can kick your ass as well as fuck it,' I thought, 'This is a role for me.'"
actor Lou Diamond Phillips on his role in Another Day in Paradise, *in* Movieline

"I happen to be a woman. I happen to be a prostitute. I happen not to feel that my work is incompatible with my dignity and worth. I happen to feel that being arrested and going to jail isn't compatible with my dignity and worth."
activist Norma Jean Almodovar

"I kiss him with my gun. I think that's the best way, you know?"
actress Maria Grazia Cucinotta on her role as a Bond villainess, in Movieline

"I'm still doubting the fact that a girl can be raped in a mosh pit." *a correspondent on the Woodstock Web site*



"[People say] 'There are plenty of people with histories of sexual abuse who didn't grow up to be porn stars.' That's missing the point: The ones who did become sex workers were abused. All of them, that's my guess."
photographer Ian Gittler in Rolling Stone

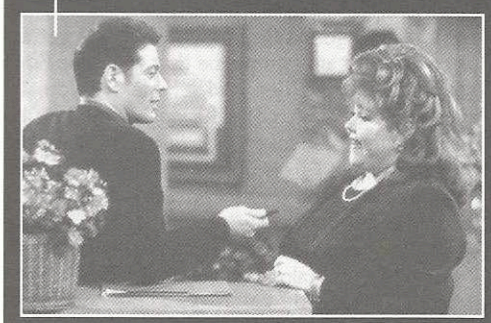
"Didn't Sigourney Weaver kill that thing in Aliens?"
character Neal looking at a drawing of the female reproductive system, on Freaks and Geeks in Entertainment Weekly

"There is about our house a need...We need someone who's afraid of frogs. We need someone to cry when I get mad, not argue. We need a little one who can kiss without leaving egg or jam or gum. We need a girl."

George Bush about having a daughter in People *magazine*

"She has a bad figure. That's one of her problems. She's bottom heavy, and her legs are short."
CNN style editor Elsa Klensch discussing Hillary Clinton as Senate candidate in American Prospect *magazine*

"Because I'd never been intimate, acting or not, with someone this size, I did wonder how we'd make things comfortable."
actor Kevin Spirtas expressing misgivings about being the Days of Our Lives TV beau of (200 lb) costar Patrika Darbo in People *magazine*



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CAROL QUEEN

that a lot of sex workers do: It's how they get the nerve in the first place. They put their sexuality in one place and that leads them, like a wedge. I've always felt like that was a space of power for women. And a lot of women are empowered by the sacred whore archetype who are not actually whores. A lot of us are fighting the good girl/bad girl split in all kinds of ways to become who we really want to be sexually. From being a lesbian to a slut to butch to a whore, there are all these different ways to be a bad girl in this culture; there are probably more ways to be bad girls than to be good girls.

On Our Backs: The role of good girl is very small.

CQ: Yeah, the acceptable behavior range of a good girl is rather narrow. Granted, there are a lot of people packed onto that rather narrow path, but they are stepping off all the time, into these other spaces, but I think the girls there are more fun! And I think that as an aggregate, all of us bad girls, if we all were to stick together, have amongst us the power to remake womanhood. That's what attracts me about all of these ways of sexual being, from butch dykehood to sacred whoredom. To me, it's always made more sense to set a price and negotiate and do what you do and move on, and have more personal space, which is the ideal way that a whore can construct herself. Granted, there are plenty of women not living in ideal whoredom. It's important to say that. But the notion of sacred whoredom allows real women, who may not have come to whoredom out of a spiritual impulse at all, to understand themselves in stronger and more profound terms, and it allows for a different relation with clients. One that I think winds up being better for the self-image and the soul of the woman in question. I feel as if the sacred space is as present in a for-pay situation as in any other erotic situation, when the participants are there freely, comfortably, and willing to be in the erotic realm.

On Our Backs: What are you working on now?

CQ: My Web site is under construction now. It's actually decent enough to go look at, although there's not as much material on it as I would like. It's at www.carolqueen.com. There are a bunch of things I'd like to do, including maybe another novel; certainly a collection of short stories; a collection of my advice columns. My partner Robert is trained as a chiropractor, and when Robert and I teach together, a lot of the anatomy information comes from him and his more thorough education in those matters, and we would like to do a sexual anatomy book. I've got to say, one of the things that going into a sexology graduate program did for me was that I learned more about where my parts are and how they work. So I would love to help other people understand their parts and get them to work even better. More engorgement! That's what we need in this culture. And I'm just finishing up a co-edited project, *Best Bisexual Erotica,* with Bill Brent, who does [the 'zine] *Black Sheets.* And I will be doing more video at some point, but I don't know how soon.

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BREAST PLAY

garment you can find. Breast bondage is especially fun with large-breasted women. Wrap thick, soft rope around each breast and then in a figure eight linking the breasts. All bondage safety precautions apply: *Do not* use thin wire or string that can cut; *do not* wrap rope tightly enough to cut off circulation; and *do* make sure you have safety scissors handy in case of emergency.

For sensual breast play, you can experiment with feather boas, fur mitts, battery-operated vibrators, light slappers, and soft whips. You can play with suction toys, such as tit pumps and snake-bite kits. You can create a range of sensations by altering skin temperature through the use of ice cubes, mentholated cough drops, Tiger Balm, and hot wax. You can produce ecstatic (and/or excruciating) sensations with fingernails, feathers, slip-on talons, and even the neuro wheel your chiropractor uses to test your reflexes.

Nipple clamps are perhaps the most popular toy for breast play. Clamps come in a range of styles and intensities, from barely hugging the nipple to biting hard enough to leave teeth marks. Some are adjustable. Homemade substitutes for tit clamps include clothespins and clips you may find in an office supply store. Examine the clasp or teeth of the clips—some are sharp enough to draw blood, so choose accordingly. Clamps can be placed directly on the nipple, which produces very intense sensations. You might want to experiment with new clamps on your *own* breasts to gauge their intensity. Pinch a small amount of skin on the side of the breast or even on the aureola—see how much sensation you like.

"I like nipple clips. I like to wear them pretty tight for about 10 minutes, have them taken off, and then have my nipples rubbed, licked, and sucked on," reported one interviewee. Clamps restrict the flow of blood to the pinched tissue. After a little while, the pinching sensation fades as the area goes numb. When the clamp is yanked off, blood rushes back into the area, waking up the nerves. No wonder clamps hurt *more* when they come off than when they go on. (*Do not* leave clamps on for more than 20 to 30 minutes to avoid damaging tissue.)

Many of the toys used in sensual breast play can be intensified for those who like true torture. The temperature of melted wax can be controlled by adjusting the distance of the candle from the body. Holding a burning candle inches from your partner's nipples will result in searing drops of wax. Temporary piercings with sterile needles will produce very intense sensations. Some women's breasts bruise very easily, which they may or may not like. Ask before you swing a cane or rubber flogger!

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A GIRL LIKE THAT

could see it running down her chin just so I could wipe it away and tell her how good she is, doing a good cop bad cop mind fuck on her. Girl like that, you got to work at keeping her off balance, got to pull a trick or two on her to make her realize she ain't seen everything yet.

Then I'm gonna put my knife right up under the softest part of her jaw and tell her she better stop. Pull my cock out slow and rub it all over her face, make it all shiny and slick. Tell her how pretty she is.

Gonna pull her up by her hands and spin her around. Take the belt off her and wrap it around my fist. Slap the end up against her pussy and make her lick it clean. Then I'm gonna wrap it around her neck, just tight enough to make her think. Gonna twist my hand away, making it hard for her to breathe, and tell her to bend over, tell her to reach down and spread that ass for me. Gonna tell her she better hope she got it good and wet, 'cuz I'm ready for a ride. Make her brace her hands against the wall and step in, wrapping my hands around her stomach, pulling her up against me. Gonna go so deep, she feels my jeans against her ass.

Yeah, girl like that makes me want to fuck her down and dirty, slow and deep, and long enough to make my brain take a vacation. Want to fuck her till all I see is red, all I hear is my cock pumping in and out of her. I want to take her breath away from her and just long enough to make her struggle, feeling how she moves on me, then let her go, fucking her in time with the way she's gonna be gasping for air.

And I'm gonna save the best for last. Gonna save that sweet little asshole till I feel her pussy clamping down on me, till I feel her thigh muscles start to shake. Gonna wait till I know she's almost there. That's when I'll step back a little, pull her away from the wall, push her head down so she's bent over with her ass up in the air. That's when I'm gonna take her, for real, because there ain't nothing like feeling all of a big old cock working it's way in to make a girl give it up. And that's what I'm gonna do, gonna make that girl give it all up to me, like she ain't never done before. Gonna stand there with my boots on and slide my cock into her sweet ass and out again till I know she's feeling every goddamn inch of it. Ain't gonna give it to her proper till she begs.

And I guaran-damn-tee she will. Because I'm gonna be that girl's back door man. Gonna fuck that sweet ass of hers until we both get to grunting and hollering and doing it nasty like she ain't never had it before. Till she don't know up from down from sideways and I got her heartbeat right there in the palm of my hand. Cuz a girl like that brings out the best in me.

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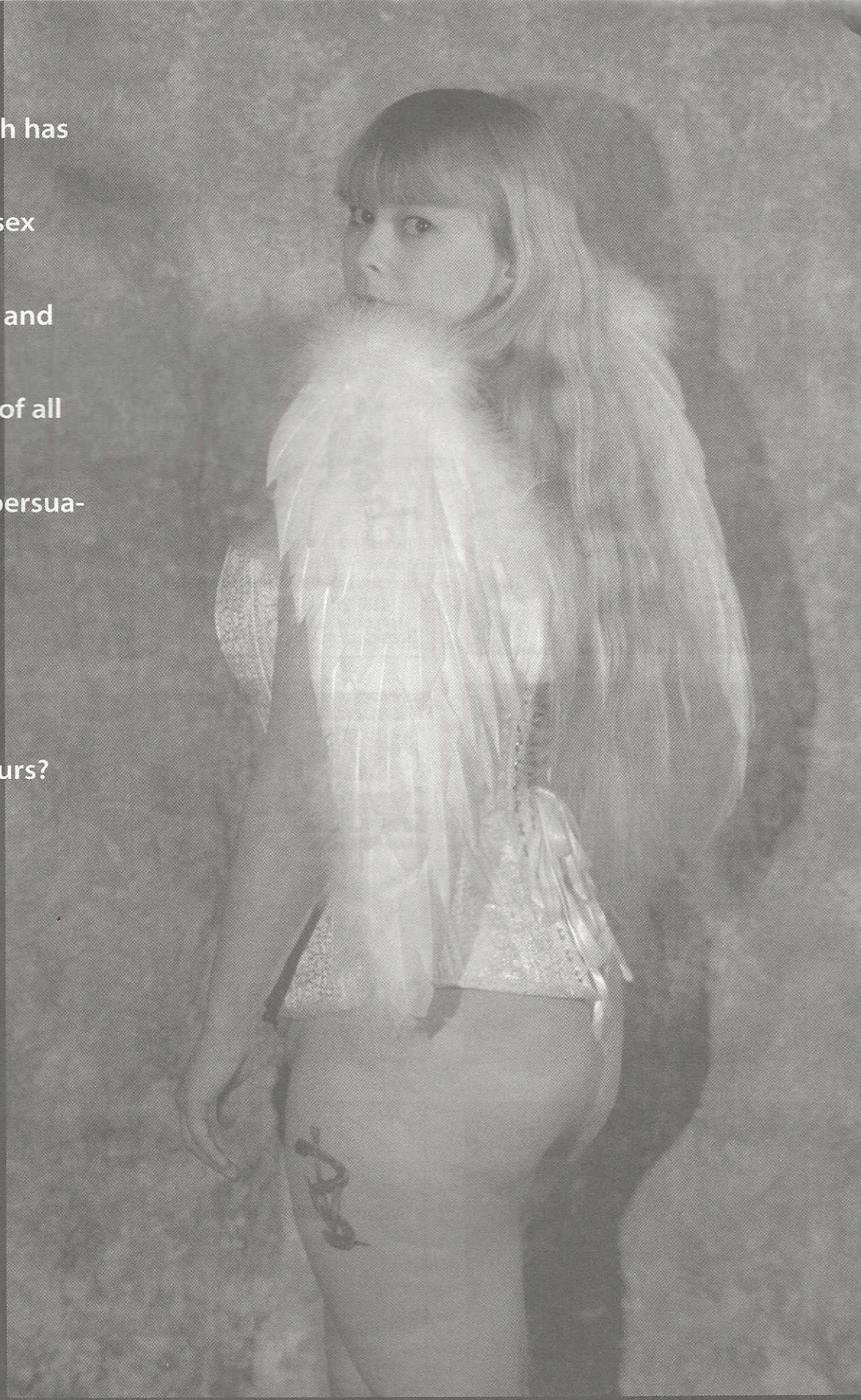

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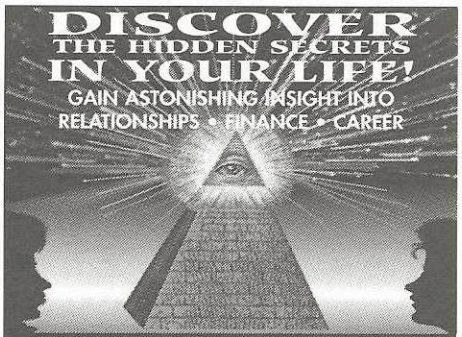

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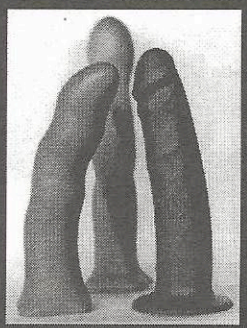

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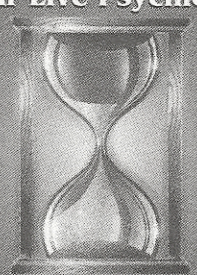

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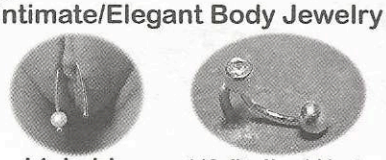

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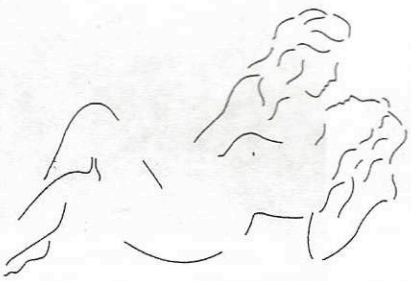

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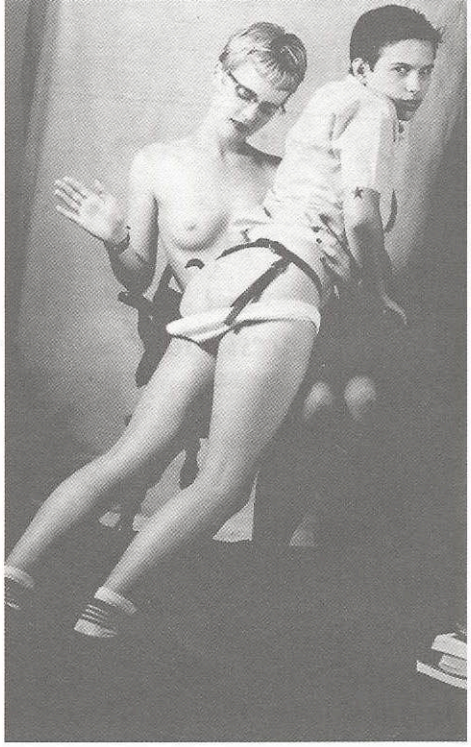
how to
Spank Your Lover For Pleasure

by Lolita Wolf

Spanking has always had a strong association with punishment. It was a way to instill basic "family values": tanning a child's hide would teach him or her a lesson. But some of us get spanked just because it feels good. Do it the right way and it can give you and your partner much pleasure. The goal is not to hurt your partner but rather to give her an erotic and sensual experience.



MICHELE SERCHUK

1 Get comfortable.
You don't need any accessories or physical preparation for this activity, but it is a good idea to find a position that works for both of you. You will want to stay in this position for a while. Try sitting on the couch with your lover across your lap. I also love what I call the "Princess Position," in which I pile all the pillows behind me on the bed and relax, propped up like royalty with my lover under my hand.

2 Enjoy the intimacy.
This is a different kind of closeness. It is especially sensuous if you are both naked. Feel the weight of your partner's body, her skin texture, the way she breathes and the way she moves. Hold her close to you with your non-spanking hand. This gives her a feeling of being protected and taken care of.

3 Start slow with a long warm-up.
Rub her butt lightly. Take a lot of time and let her become accustomed to your touch. Move to light pats and escalate slowly to slaps. If you take your time, your partner will adjust to the heavier sensations gradually. It is very important to build slowly so that your partner will interpret the spanking as pleasure, not pain.

4 Find her sweet spot.
Everybody has an area that feels especially good to her. Mine is the lower half of my butt in the center. For me, spanking that spot vibrates straight through to jiggle my genitals. Some women like it higher or lower, or even on the fronts or insides of their thighs. Explore, and see what feels best to your partner. Spank around her sweet spot and spank directly on it.

5 Vary your spanks.
Your hand is capable of imparting different sensations. A cupped hand feels completely different from a flat hand. Striking with fingers apart gives a more stinging feeling than with fingers together. Striking with just the fingers gives more sting, whereas the whole hand gives more thud.

6 Vary the stimulation.
Pause during the spanking to caress her very softly or to use your fingernails to lightly scratch her. You'll be surprised at how sensitive her butt is after she's been spanked. Every feeling is now magnified. You might get a fun reaction: she may yelp or shudder or squirm.

7 Accessorize for sensation!
Your hands are great, but try using some toys, too. Drag some sensuous bunny fur or a pointy letter opener across her butt. Try spanking while wearing leather gloves or use a paddle. You may find that it's necessary because your hand may get tired or because your partner wants more than you can dish out with your bare hand. Everybody has different paddle preferences: see whether she likes leather, wood, rubber, or plastic. I like the fur covered leather ones—they are very thuddy. You don't need to go to a fetish store and invest big money. See what you already have: a big wooden spoon, a spatula, a slipper, a hairbrush, or a ping pong paddle! With my thuddy preference, I love those rubber flip-flops that are worn to the beach. Get creative!

8 Be sensitive to your partner.
Watch her body to see how she reacts. As you build up, her breathing is likely to change. She may wiggle or stiffen. She may moan. She may even break out into a sweat. Everybody reacts differently. If you are not sure how to interpret her reactions, ask her what she is feeling. The same reaction from two different people may mean different things, so don't assume.

9 Get a rhythm going.
Once your partner is warmed up, get into a percussive groove. The beat (yes, that's a pun) should be determined by how your partners react. Many women can reach orgasm just from spanking. For others, it is good lovemaking all by itself.

10 Keep the connection.
Bask in the afterglow, both physical and emotional. Lots of cuddles and hugs. Or more sex! Spanking is great foreplay to other activities such as fucking, anal play, and fisting.

Other tips

Try a little role-playing scenario.
Pretend to be a parent, baby-sitter, teacher, or a nun and act out a punishment spanking or a birthday spanking. Get into the fantasy of it and have fun.

Control your environment.
The room should not be too cold. Set the lighting. Music can alter the whole scene: Madonna's *Hanky Panky* will set a whole different mood than Gregorian chants. Add your own touches.

Bruising.
Sensuous spanking does not usually incur a lot of bruising, especially after a nice slow warm-up. But it can happen. Everybody's body responds differently. Apply ice or a cold pack after spanking to lessen the bruising. While cold is best in the first 24 hours, use heat after that. Keep her skin moisturized with some nice lotion. Arnica gel or ointment from the health food store also helps heal bruising.

Never spank in anger.
This is a fun activity for mutual pleasure. If you and your lover have a fight, spanking will not solve it. You need to sit down together and talk it out face to face, as adults.

Do not coerce your partner into doing this activity.
Some people don't like spanking. It may not feel good physically, or it may push them to an emotionally dangerous space. Don't force it. Do something else instead. Or ask her to spank you! Some people like to spank, some like to get spanked, and others like it both ways.

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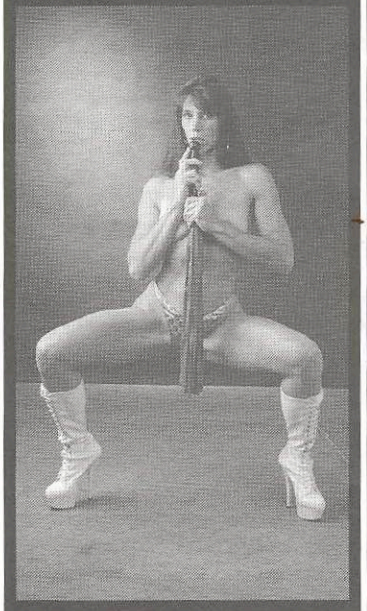

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back talk

What's Your Favorite Masturbation Technique?

Compiled by Lindsay McClune

RON JOHNSON

My favorite masturbation technique is to use an electric vibrator right on my clit. I like to feel something inside me too, so I use a soft seven-inch dildo and a three-inch battery vibrator up my ass. I love that all-over vibrator feeling. *Susan*

I take out my vibrator, turn it on, unzip my pants and place it between the folds of my pussy to rest on my swollen clit. I kneel down and lean over the bed to imagine a beautiful, large woman sucking me off. I begin a rhythmic motion fantasizing about this woman, hearing her moan with each thrust. Faster and faster my hips move until I feel my orgasm explode, letting out a yell—as my fantasy becomes a reality. *Run, Lola, Run*

I love to fuck my blow-up doll with my big dick. I fuck her in the ass, in the mouth, and in her pussy. I imagine shooting my cum in every orifice. *Barb*

I started masturbating early, around age six, when I still feared my vagina. I have crushing orgasms by squeezing my legs together and fantasizing about power roles; it doesn't require me to use my hands. I sometimes use dildos or household objects, but once I used a glass bottle, and didn't realize that it can produce enough suction to bruise your cervix and vaginal wall. Ouch. *Deirdre*

She stripped me naked, slapped me down in a vinyl chair, and carved her initials in a heart on my chest. For days afterward I could feel the blood rushing to that spot and I had to touch myself each time I saw the mark in the mirror. The secret thrill of her mark on my body kept me hot for days. The memory itself sends me to my bed with the vibrator she left when she flew away. *Tramp Kitty*

First, I take my favorite dildo—silicone, a little soft, and not too big—and tease myself with it before lubing it up and inserting it. (If I'm feeling decadent, I'll add a small butt plug at this stage, too, for a really full feeling. I have one that looks like a little red pacifier.) Then I take my "Betty Dodson Special," the Hitachi Magic Wand vibrator, and place it, not on my clit, but just above it. I spend some time building up and then backing away. I go at it this way, on/off, build up and back off, for as long as I can stand it. Then I turn it on high and clench the head of the vibrator between my legs, squeeze, and hold on tight! *Trish*

Raised a Catholic school girl, I did not start masturbating until late, around 11 or so. My favorite toy has always been my hand—well really my finger. Usually I stroke my clit, occasionally fingering myself simultaneously. Now, I know a lot of girls like to use "the wand" or a favorite dildo, but I fear the time when I will be stuck without modern technology and only a vague memory of how to get myself off otherwise. *Gina*

I lie face down on the bed, my chin or the side of my face resting against a pillow. I put my hands on the sides of my labia, often through my clothes, and put pressure there as I swing my hips from side to side like a dog wagging its tail. As I reach climax, I speed up my hip swinging and press harder against my labia. *Rachel*

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